McKean County Miner.

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THREE SERIOUS ACCIDENTS ON SUNDAY LAST

One Boy Killed and Two More Injured While Hunting.

ADELBERT E. ROSE WAS KILLED.

Fred Hammar of Bradford and Caetano Ochiazzo of Lewis Run Injured—Both Will Recover—Harry Cordner Accidentally Killed Rose.

Adelbert E. Rose, aged 16 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick D. Rose, living in the vicinity of Klondyke, this county, was accidentally killed about noon on Sunday, while he and a companion named Harry Cordner, were in the woods hunting for rabbits.

The two boys were neighbors and they started out early Sunday morning for a hunting trip. They had been following an old roadway and had a hound with them. Suddenly the dog caught sight of a rabbit and had started it from the brush. As the two boys were going after the rabbit, a partridge went into the air but a short distance ahead of them. Rose raised his gun and fired at the bird and missed it. While Rose was still in a stooping position, Cordner took aim directly over Rose's head. At about the same moment, Rose jumped to his feet and in the back of his head received the full charge of the gun.

He fell to the ground on his back and the only move he made, thereafter, was to turn over upon his face, where he lay motionless. Young Cordner went to the side of his companion and seeing that the wound in the head was a bad one, and being unable to carry the victim, he ran to his home and summoned help.

The father of Rose and neighbors procured a horse and buggy and went to the scene of the fatality. The dying boy was taken to the home of his parents and word was sent to Bradford for Still's ambulance. Before the ambulance reached Klondyke, word came that the boy was dead.

The body was taken to Bradford Sunday evening and taken to Still's undertaking rooms, where Coroner Sherman viewed the remains. The details of the accident as related by the father, are given above. Young Cordner is greatly distressed over the accident.

Besides his parents, young Rose leaves one brother, Elmer Rose, and four sisters, Lillian, Nellie, Luella and Viola Rose, all of whom live at home.

Wounded in the Foot.

Fred Hammar, living at No. 43 Clarence street, also met with an accident while hunting in the woods above Lewis Run about 10 o'clock Sunday morning. He received a shot wound in the left foot. He was taken to Bradford with a horse and buggy and taken to the hospital, where he was given surgical attention.

Wounded in the Face.

Caetano Ochiazzo of Lewis Run is at the Bradford hospital as the result of a hunting accident in the woods about noon Sunday. His face was well filled with bird shot from the hands of another hunter.—Era.

Heavy Damages Claimed.

A dispatch from Franklin says: Mrs. Cora B. Herron, formerly Miss Cora Burton, and her mother, Mrs. Lucinda Burton, of New York, have entered suit against the New York Central railroad for damages in the sum of $80,000. Both plaintiffs are well known residents of Venango county and for 10 or 12 years lived in Galloway and are well known in Franklin, and in fact nearly every part of Venango county.

In the beginning of last May Cora and her mother made arrangements to live with her sister in Brooklyn and were on their way from Brooklyn to Franklin when they were arrested on a New York Central limited train and were taken from their berths at midnight by detectives, who thought that Cora was the notorious murderess, Mrs. Belle Gunness. The arrest took place at Utica, N. Y., and they were scarcely given time to dress before they were hurried to Syracuse, where after a hearing before a magistrate, the detectives discovered their grave mistake. When they were arrested the officers treated them very roughly and they suffered indignities for which they are now asking for redress. They were forced to dress in the sleeper before a lot of men who had forced their way into the car to get a sight of who they supposed was the notorious and much wanted Belle Gunness.

They were taken to the city prison and kept over night before the officials discovered their error.

Wanted.

A girl to work for her board and go to school. For particulars address Box 93, Smethport, Pa. 46tf

Subscribe for the MINER.

Smethport's Industrial Outlook.

The industrial outlook for Smethport is very bright at the present time and if those who should be most deeply interested in the welfare of this place will put their shoulders to the wheel there is no reason in the world why we cannot enjoy a bigger and better industrial boom than we ever have in the past.

At the present time we have several manufacturing plants running nearly full time and it seems to us that a little extra effort on the part of our foremost citizens would put all of them in operation at their full capacity. The Barney-Bond Bottle Co. is running one tank at its full capacity, with hopes of the other tank being started soon. The Smethport Chemical Works is running full time. The Cut Glass factory has a fair sized crew working full time. The Backus Novelty Co. is busy with orders. Holmes & Gilfillan's shops are busy making pin setters, etc., although the saw mill has been shut down for the winter. The Smethport Glass Co. is running its bent glass department full time although they are not making glass in the window glass department at the present time. This company is experimenting with a glass blowing machine, and is not willing to postpone these experiments and return entirely to the hand-blown product. However we have been reliably informed that the management is ready and willing to start the factory at once with half the usual crew, providing the men will work in the factory along with the machine on the other side of the tank. This, however, we are informed, the men refuse to do, claiming that it would be working to the disadvantage of their trade. This seems like a distinction without a difference owing to the fact that some of these men are working in a Mt. Jewett factory owned by the same company that is operating a machine factory at Hazelhurst. And we are inclined to believe that these differences will be adjusted in a short time and work resumed. The Electrical Toy Co. is doing business steadily.

The only factory in town that is entirely idle is the Cutlery Works which has been idle for a long time on account of a lack of capital for operating expenses. This company was capitalized at about $20,000 and a first-class building erected and equipped with all the necessary machinery for making the best kind of ware. The cost was more than was originally planned and the capital was all used in putting it in shape for operation. A sum of money was borrowed to buy materials and put the plant in operation, but the amount was not sufficient to carry on the business and by order of the directors and stockholders it was shut down last winter during the money panic.

A meeting of the stockholders and directors has been called for next Monday to decide on what shall be done. Some of the stockholders favor levying an extra assessment sufficient to resume work, while others favor selling the plant at the best price offered. Other cutlery factories in the section are running full time and making money and we see no reason why this factory cannot do the same. If the business men of this place will lend a helping hand we think this can be pushed to success. Who will take the initiative?

Wreck at Medix Run.

Two persons lost their lives and several were injured in a wreck which occurred on the Goodyear Lumber Company's railroad, which runs from the company's camp to Medix Run, Thursday afternoon.

The dead are: S. H. Miller, engineer, of Medix Run, pinned under the engine and scalded to death; William Green, aged 12 years, pinned under engine and scalded to death. The seriously injured are: Lilly Green, aged 15 years, arm and head scalded and hair and body burned; Harry Cober, finger broken and body bruised by jumping. Several others jumped and escaped with slight injuries.

The DuBois Courier says: "The train consisted of an engine and twelve cars loaded with bark. About a dozen people were on the train from the camp, including two train crews and several other people who had visited the camp, among the latter were William and Lilly Green, two children, aged 12 and 15 respectively and to this fact must be attributed the death of Engineer Miller, who bravely stuck to his post in an endeavor to save the lives of the children.

When the train struck the top of the grade one of the brakes refused to work and the train started down the hill at a fearful rate of speed. Everybody on the train realized the danger which existed on some of the sharp curves at the foot of the grade and with the exception of the two Green children and Engineer Miller, everybody jumped from the train.

Engineer Miller could not force either of the children, who were riding in the engine, to jump and realizing that the only chance of their escape lay in his bringing the train under control decided to attempt to do this, knowing he was running a great risk. At the first sharp turn at the foot of the hill the train jumped and the engine and cars piled up in a heap.

Repeal the Trespass Law.

One law upon the statutes of Pennsylvania that should be repealed is the law which makes it a misdemeanor to trespass on wild lands that are posted, with a fine of $10 for each conviction. It is right and proper that trespassers should pay the damage they do on other people's land, but it is not right or just to a large majority of the people of this Commonwealth for the State to spend thousands upon thousands of dollars of the people's money annually for the preservation and promotion of our fish and game, while there is a law in force which practically makes the fish and game the private property of the land owners.

In some sections of this State, the vicinity of Corry, for instance, where a large fish hatchery is maintained by the State at great expense, nearly every farm and strip of wild land is posted, and the people who pay three-fourths of the taxes to keep up hatcheries and protect our game are deprived of the sport of hunting or fishing. In this county, only a small portion of the wild land and wood lots are posted, but there are just enough of these selfish people to make it extremely annoying to our sportsmen.

Not long ago two hunters from this borough were [illegible] by an irate farmer, who [illegible] to make their trouble for [illegible] his land which he claimed was [illegible] posted, and it was only a [illegible] had called his attention to the fact that he did not have a sign [illegible] 200 yards along his line fence, that he gave up the idea of "laying the law on them." We have heard of one or two instances where land owners have found hunters on their premises and threatened to prosecute, but settled the matter out of court for a consideration. However, we do not think there has been a prosecution in this county and there is considerable question about the constitutionality of the law.

Down in the coal mining districts this law is used to a great advantage by mine owners who also have stock in one of the stores near the mines. The houses occupied by the miners are all on the company's lands. The lands are posted according to this trespass act and if a miner buys his goods from an independent store he is obliged to carry them home, as the delivery man from the independent store is sure to be prosecuted if he trespasses. However, if the miner buys at the "favorite" store, he can have his goods delivered and no one is prosecuted for trespassing.

The writer while at Harrisburg during the last session of the Legislature, was informed that this trespass act was framed and pushed through by mine owners who were interested in the stores also, and that an attempt to repeal it, would be stubbornly fought by these people. Notwithstanding this fact our members of the Legislature should make every effort to have this law repealed and they should be supported by every member of the House and Senate who is a lover of fair play and a square deal to all.

Civil Court News.

In the case of Nancy Black vs Joseph M. Tait, a verdict was found for the defendant.

Citizens Gas Co. of Port Allegany vs B. L. Whitney and others. Continued.

Bovaird & Seyfang Manufacturing Co. vs James L. Andrews. Verdict for $60 by agreement for plaintiff.

George W. Peterson, now for use of Bradford Business Men's association, vs M. O. Patterson. Continued.

A. W. Nowell vs Cecilia Davitt. Continued.

M. Jacobs and H. J. Jacobs vs. I. H. Miller. Verdict of $26.94 for plaintiffs.

J. D. Larkin vs Bovaird & Seyfang Manufacturing Co. Continued.

In the Taylor case a verdict was found for the plaintiff.

In the case of Kissler, Lesh & Co. vs the Mead Run railroad, et al., a preliminary injunction in connection with a switch dispute, was dissolved.

Court adjourned Saturday morning.

To Locate in Smethport.

Dr. John V. McAlpin, a well known Bradford young man, captain of Company C, and an efficient, successful dentist, who for five years has been connected with the extensive dental work of his father, Dr. A. McAlpin of this city, is about to engage, in professional business at Smethport. He has secured the dental office of Dr. E. R. Baker of that borough, in the Odd Fellows' building, Main street, and will be established there hereafter.

Dr. Baker is going to Erie to locate, and his patrons and others will find his successor a most competent and trustworthy man for the place made vacant.

The Era has known Dr. John V. McAlpin since his boyhood and is in a position to commend him strongly to the favorable regard of the people of Smethport and vicinity.—Bradford Era.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

16tf. MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

The Legislature.

There is little doubt but that the result of the election in Pennsylvania leaves little for the Anti-Saloon League to hope for in the way of expecting a local option law during the next session, for the available figures are that the number of members of the legislature who are in favor of local option has been reduced from 97 of two years ago to 58, which represents the entire strength of the Anti-Saloon League in the coming legislature.

The returns of the election show that the Anti-Saloon League elected only 17 straight out local option members. Of the 97 votes depended upon, which is the number they had at the last session, only 36 of them have been elected to succeed themselves. All of the remaining 60 who were candidates for re-election were defeated.

Seventeen local option members among the new ones, together with the 36 re-elected old members shows that there are 53 members of the next House who favor local option. The number of members of the House will be 207, so that the local optionists will have a little more than one-fourth of the members of the next legislature, whereas two years ago they had nearly one-half of the members.

Of the 36 members who voted for local option two years ago, and who have been elected again, fourteen have not declared themselves on the question during the recent campaign, and it is not thought that these 14 will vote for local option, so that it leaves the Anti-Saloon League with seventeen new members pledged and 22 old members re-elected and pledged, or a total of 39 votes that may be depended upon. At the very highest, if the Anti-Saloon League gets all the 36 members who voted for local option two years ago, and the 17 additional ones who have pleged it will give them but 53 votes out of the 207 members of the next legislature.

In addition to this the men who led the local option forces at the last session have been defeated. Graves, who introduced the last local option bill, will not be there. Berry, of Delaware county, who was depended upon to line up the Democratic votes; Robert R. Dearden and S. B. Scott of Philadelphia, two more leaders of the local option movement during the last session, have been defeated, so that the local option movement is without a leader that is trained in the work of assembly.—Reynoldsville Herald.

Died Alone in the Woods.

A dispatch from Pittsburg dated Nov. 17, says: "Mystery surrounds the death of Harry E. McCullough, treasurer of the Union Fruit Auction company, superintendent of the Sunday school of the Fourth Avenue Baptist church, and a prominent Y. M. C. A. worker, whose body, frozen stiff, was found yesterday morning on a road leading from Medix Run, near DuBois, Clearfield county, Pa., to a thick wood.

Mr. McCullough, who was on a hunting expedition, may have been frozen to death after having eaten something poisonous at the hunting camp. Foul play has also been suggested, and the authorities at DuBois are conducting an investigation. Dr. McCullough was 33 years old, married and lived at 33 Edith street, Duquesne Heights.

The body was found by a woodchopper, lying face downward on the frozen ground. Mr. McCullough was in the custom of a huntsman and the woodchopper thought that he had been shot and killed. Turning the body over and failing to find a wound, the man searched the pockets and came upon a wallet, which had some of Mr. McCullough's cards inside.

There were no marks of violence on the body. Friends of the victim say that he could not have died of any disease so suddenly, as he had been examined by a physician before leaving on the trip. Mr. McCullough had taken exercise daily at the gymnasium, and was in first class condition. The theory that he ate poisonous food at the camp and then collapsed while on his way to the woods and was frozen to death is being accepted by his friends for the present.

Mr. McCullough kissed his wife and four little girls good bye on Sunday morning. At that time he seemed to have a fear of impending evil. He told his wife where insurance papers and other documents could be found. Nothing was heard from him until yesterday when a telegram from DuBois to members of his firm announced the finding of the body.

It Pays.

The winter term's work at the Clarion State Normal School is usually interesting. Fine location; splendid equipment; strong faculty, attractive home life. Drop a card to the principal and get the catalog and illustrated matter. J. George Becht, Principal, Clarion, Pa.

My continued illness will prevent my having my store open for the Fall Trade, my stock of Blankets, Robes and Whips are on sale at Hamlin's Hardware Store. I have marked these goods at a figure that it will be to your advantage to call if you are going to buy.

Respectfully, CHARLES LEMMLER.

Financial Statement

of the McKean County Teachers' Institute, 1908.

RECEIPTS.

Balance from last year	$ 60.52	
Sale of course tickets —H. O. Wells, 75; F. A. McCoy, 21; Burg Chadwick, 15; L. K. Hogarth, 6; Box office, 10 @ $1,	127.00	
Evening cash receipts —Monday, 8; Tuesday, 79.40; Wednesday, 36.50; Thursday, 14.50,	138.40	
Enrollment fees	309.56	
From absent teachers —Marie Ford, 1.50; Lillian Splain, 1.75; E. E. Cornelius, 1.50	4.75	
Directors' Association	50.00	
Singing books—New, $9; old, 2.25	11.25	
County Treasurer	200.00	$901.48

EXPENDITURES

Instructors	$272.50	
Entertainments—Elma Smith Co., 75; H. S. contest, 59.00; Hraby Bros., 125; Judge Brown, 125,	384.00	
Hotel bill	28.00	
Printing	14.33	
Freight, express and messages	12.15	
Singing books	9.00	
Two pianos	17.00	
Lyceum, four nights	40.00	
Janitor	5.00	
Stenographer	6.00	
Secretary	5.00	
Postage, supplies, etc.	20.40	
Balance on hand for next year	[illegible]	$901.48

ACCT. H. & S. VISITOR

RECEIPTS

Balance from last year	$ 33.93	
Subscriptions and advertising	159.10	
Deficit	3.59	$196.62

EXPENDITURES

Printing, help, etc.	$196.62	$196.62

I hereby certify that the above is true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE,
Co. Supt.

We have carefully examined the above accounts and the signed vouchers for the same, and find them correct.

BERT MONTGOMERY,
C. W. [illegible],
Auditors.

Newerf News Notes.

Mrs. J. B. Kelly spent Sunday in Olean.

Robert Mullin is visiting friends in Crosby.

J. M. Glenn spent several days hunting with E. W. Wilcox.

J. B. Kelly's father and brother of Olean visited him the latter part of last week.

The Red Men gave a very enjoyable dance and supper to their lady friends last week.

Willis Sherwood of Port Allegany is finishing the new Dunbar residence.

Everett Eldridge of Porterville is engaged in loading a car of lumber for his father.

Miss Julia Bloomster is visiting relatives in town.

Messrs. Edward Gallup, Atwood Putnam and Frank Oviatt and Misses Jennie Gifford, Susie Parson and Mildred Dunbar spent Thursday evening at the home of Lydia Granteer, where they were delightfully entertained.

S. L. Winslow, bookkeeper for the Heinemann Chemical Co., spent Sunday at his home in Straights.

Nils Borge is on the sick list.

C. M. Benson & Co. have opened a complete grocery store and are doing a thriving business.

Reuben Grierson who is attending Westbrook's in Olean, spent Sunday at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Grierson.

Miss Pansy Smith of Straights is visiting Wm. Muir and family.

Mrs. Dave Parsons of East Smethport spent Sunday with Mrs. Susan Parsons.

You can cure dyspepsia, indigestion, sour or weak stomach, or in fact any form of stomach trouble if you take Kodol occasionally—just at the times when you need it. Kodol does not have to be taken all the time. Ordinarily you only take Kodol now and then, because it completely digests all the food you eat, and after a few days or a week or so, the stomach can digest the food without the aid of Kodol. Then you don't need Kodol any longer. Try it to-day on our guarantee. We know what it will do for you. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Halcyon Days in Florida.

Fried chicken has crowded backbone and spareribs to the back shelf in Florida—and there isn't any chicken anywhere that can equal the orange legged, fig-fed, fluffy feathered spring chicken of fair Florida.—Florida Times-Union.

Wanted.

Girls to learn trade at Smethport Cut Glass Factory. For particulars apply at office at once.

Emperor and Empress of China Dead.

Kwang Su, Emperor, and Tse Hsi An, Dowager Empress of China are both dead and Pu Yi, the three-year-old son of Prince Chun, brother of the Emperor, has been placed on the throne, his father acting as regent in addition to the provisions of the imperial edict issued last Friday.

The end of the 47 years reign of the famous "old buddah" came at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon according to the official announcement, though it is expected that both the Empress and Kwang Su, the Emperor, whom she dominated, occurred many hours before the time mentioned in the official announcement.

Tse Hsi An or "Western Empress" was born November 17, 1834. She was the child of poor people, who lived in Pekin. At an early age, following that common practice in China, she was sold as a slave by her parents on account of their poverty. She became the property of a famous general, who, enchanted with her great beauty, adopted her and offered her as a present to the reigning Emperor, Hsien Geng. She so charmed the Emperor by her looks and intelligence that he made her his secondary wife and on her bearing a son the future Emperor, Tung Chih, raised her to the first rank. On his death in 1861 she became regent of the Empire, administering the national affairs with more vigor than any of her predecessors.

Her authority was complete over about 14,000 officials and over the welfare and lives of the vast majority of the inhabitants of China, who number close to 270,000,000.

The Dowager Empress was, in China, a "foreigner," being a Manchu, and was under the ban of Chinese patriots, and an increasing anti-Manchu party which sought the suppression of the dynasty and at the least the restoration of the Manchu Emperor to the throne. She wore the Manchu garments, but her speech was Chinese. She was dominating to the last degree and magnetic and seemed to be all seeing to her courtiers.

Announcement!

Saturday of this week, Dr. [illegible] Tyrrel will be at the [illegible] House and see all who are having trouble with their eyes.

Dr. Tyrrel is a graduate of the McCormick Neuro[illegible], an institution having the reputation of graduating the most thorough eye doctors the world has ever known. They are taught and drilled clinically in the Fogging system of fitting glasses without drugs until they are able to measure and correct eye defects, so that when they give the final prescriptions no change of glasses for that purpose will ever be needed.

Though this system has been practiced for the past 15 years it is new to this section, and Dr. Tyrrel who has his offices in the new Hopley Building, Bradford, is the first practitioner in McKean county.

Bell Bros. of Olean are Making a very Attractive Week to Buyers in Their Big Store.

In the first place they are having a Thanksgiving sale of table linens, napkins, white goods, sheets, pillow cases, dining room furniture, in fact everything suitable for use during Thanksgiving except the turkey.

In the second place, their New York buyer has made a large purchase of fine tailor-made suits and coats they are placing on sale this week at a saving to their customers of 25 to 50 off.

Then the infants' caps, coats, dresses and doll display on the second floor, together with the fur exhibit makes Bell Brothers store a busy one up to Thanksgiving. We should advise everyone who is interested to make THE BIG STORE their headquarters while in Olean, as we understand they deliver all their goods free of charge.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Nov. 14, 1908:

S. D. Crawdors, Miss Dorothy Hecker

Foreign—Charly Shopik

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Loyalty and Friendship.

Never permit yourself to comment unfavorably upon a friend. If you have a complaint carry it in person to the individual concerned. Loyalty is the life breath of real friendship, and if there were more loyalty there would be fewer broken friendships.—Home Chat.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

A handsome monument has just been placed in the Farmers Valley cemetery on the lot of Mrs. Merritt Chatfield to the memory of her late husband. Foley Bros. Co. of Olean, N. Y., furnished the work.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

A FEUD AND ITS FINISH.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Amelia Vernet sat out on the sand spit waiting for the turn of the tide. She had become absorbed in her sketching, and time had passed unnoticed until the curling swish of water told her that the sand spit had become a temporary island.

It was midday now, and she could not hope to reach the mainland before 5 o'clock—unless she waded. Amelia looked down at her pretty tan shoes and then turned and peered over the sand dunes toward the town.

A narrow channel of choppy water cut off escape for the present. Out in the bay a few sails flashed in the sunlight, but none was within hailing distance.

Amelia picked up her pencil and returned to her sketch book. "Aunt Tom will be worried," she thought, "if I don't return to luncheon, and yet—she will have the satisfaction of knowing that her predictions have been fulfilled—at last the tide has caught me on the sand spit!"

A shadow fell across the open book. Amelia lifted a startled face to meet the astonished glance of a tall young man.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, lifting his white canvas hat. "I thought I had the island to myself."

"I wish you had," said Amelia plaintively; "the turn of the tide is responsible for my presence here."

"Mine, too. I became interested in this confounded book, and I was dozing comfortably when the water crept around my ankles and woke me up." He thumped viciously upon the offending volume and cast it from him. "I suppose there is no escape until 3 or 4 o'clock."

"None," sighed Amelia, "and nothing to eat!"

"Wait; we'll see about that." The stranger disappeared behind the dune, and Melia saw him making haste toward the narrow inlet.

"How shocked Aunt Tom would be if she could see me talking to a perfect stranger, but—I am quite sure he is a gentleman, and he must be staying at one of the plantations near by. His face is familiar, and yet"—

He came around the dune and sat down on the sand beside her. "I hope you will share my luncheon," he said courteously. "A thoughtful aunt prepared it for me against possible starvation between an 8 o'clock breakfast and a 12:30 luncheon." He opened the good sized basket, which he had brought and removed a snowy fringed napkin.

"You're awfully kind," murmured Amelia humbly. "I hope I'm not robbing you."

"Not in the least. We are castaways and must make the best of the food we have saved," he said gayly.

"There should be a cask of water and some tinned things."

"Here are a flask of lemonade and a cup, chicken salad sandwiches, poundcake and grapes—a very ladylike repast!"

The young man spread a napkin in Amelia's lap and helped her generously. "You were sketching?" he ventured, glancing down at her drawing materials.

"Yes—a little—the marsh and the sloping hill beyond, with its masses of cedar and pine. Would you like to see it?" asked Amelia frankly.

"Yes," he replied, taking the book and opening at the page she indicated. In one corner she had inscribed her signature in bold black characters, "Amelia Vernet." He glanced at the name, and his eyes shot a peculiar look at the girl.

Amelia was looking at his strong brown fingers clasping the sketch book. Very capable, fine muscled digits they were too.

"Your sketch is good," he said sincerely, putting the book aside.

When the last crumb of poundcake had disappeared Amelia sighed contentedly. "That was the most delicious meal I ever ate," she said gratefully.

"Aunt Tom is a famous cook," he replied carelessly as he returned the napkins to the basket.

"Aunt Tom!" repeated Amelia. She seemed to stiffen under his look of mild surprise.

"Why not? A man may have an Aunt Thomasina, may he not?" Amelia flushed at the mischievous look in his gray eyes.

"Of course," she said, with reserve. "Only, you see, I have an Aunt Thomasina too."

"Not an Aunt Tom Forrest, I'll be bound," said her companion.

"No, but an Aunt Tom Vernet," announced Amelia haughtily.

"Oh, by Jove! A great-aunt?"

"Yes."

"So's mine. Then I went to school with you? You remember Donald Forrest?" he asked eagerly.

Amelia arose to her feet and shook the sand from her white skirt. She looked very young and lovely standing there in the brilliant October sunshine with the blue sky reflected in her eyes. She also looked very cruel and quite like a lady in a tragedy when she looked down at him.

"I believe I remember you," she said coldly. "I also remember the family feud. No Vernet ever speaks to a Forrest—willingly. But I have partaken of your lunch, sir, and I thank you for your courtesy. You will excuse me if I return to my sketching."

Forrest jumped to his feet. The red blood mounted to his dark forehead, and the angry light in his eyes seemed to leap like little flickering flames.

"It is a small matter, madam. A Forrest is courteous to friend or enemy. I will not intrude upon you longer." He picked up his lunch basket and, with a low bow, disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

Amelia sat down again, feeling very small and mean. It was quite evident that the heir of the house of Forrest would have ignored the feud if she, the last save one of the Vernets, had chosen to overlook the antipathy that had lasted for sixty long years.

But Amelia Vernet was Virginian to the core, and, although she never really knew the cause of the estrangement between the two families, she had loyally nursed the tradition.

And here was a young man, last of the Forrests, as Amelia was last of the Vernets, and they must carry on the feud. Amelia sighed involuntarily, for she had liked the young man who had been away so long and who must have recently returned.

There came a loud roar of thunder and a sudden darkening of the sun. Amelia looked timorously around at the threatening clouds.

There was a vivid flash of lightning. Amelia turned and fled toward the inlet. A boat was putting off from the mainland, and Forrest was watching it. He turned at the sound of Amelia's flying steps.

"I have signaled a boatman, Miss Vernet," he said politely; "he will put you ashore wherever you wish. If you do not object, I will accompany you. I do not relish the drenching that is coming."

Amelia blushed hotly. "Of course I do not object," she said, with embarrassment.

The drenching came before they reached the mainland. Amelia cowered in the bottom of the boat, while Forrest removed his coat and, in spite of her protests, threw it over her to shut out the lightning and rain.

At the landing an ancient servitor was seeking Miss Vernet, and he hurried his young mistress into the phaeton before she could properly thank Donald Forrest.

"Ro' de bin, Miss Melia, you' Aunt Tommy is nigh 'bout 'stracted," mumbled Uncle Aaron peevishly as he gathered up the reins.

A week later Amelia stood in the brown October garden among some late poppies. She looked pensively over the stone wall to where the bay sparkled and dimpled in the sunlight. There was a quick step beside her, and she looked up into Donald Forrest's smiling face.

"My Aunt Thomasina is calling upon your Aunt Thomasina," he said, removing his hat; "they sent me into the garden to find you and tell you the feud is off."

Amelia stared.

"I don't understand," she stammered.

"I looked up the cause of the feud and find that our great-grandfathers quarreled because each wanted to name his new daughter Thomasina. It was a distinctive name, and each craved its possession. I have argued with my aunt night and day—result: the two Thomasinas are drinking tea together. We cannot be so prejudiced as to—" He held out his hand.

"I'm so glad," said Amelia daintily as she placed her hand in his.

Trees and Landowners In England.

By the general laws of England oak, ash and elm are "timber" if not younger than twenty years or so old that a good post cannot be cut from them. What constitutes "timber" varies slightly according to locality, but when a tree is proved to be "timber" a person who has only a life interest in the land it grows upon cannot cut it down unless it be on an estate cultivated solely for the production of salable "timber" or unless he has a special agreement giving him power to do so. A mere life tenant may not even cut down trees which are not "timber," but which would at the age of twenty years attain that dignity. Botanists differ as to the poisonous nature of yew trees. There are many instances both of their poisonous and their harmless effect when browsed by horses and cattle, but the partially dried clippings of yew are certainly most dangerous. If a yew tree overhangs a neighbor's land and his horses eat the yew without trespassing, the owner of the tree is liable to pay for any injury the horses may sustain. On the other hand, if the horses or cattle cannot browse on the tree without putting their heads over the fence the owner of the horses must bear the loss, for his animals have trespassed.—London Answers.

When Victoria Laughed.

One day during Queen Victoria's reign three children were walking along the road between Windsor and Stoke Poges. They heard the sound of carriage wheels. It was the queen's carriage, and she was in it.

The eldest child, a little boy, had been reading stories of eastern life and fairy tales. He knew what was due a queen and cried to the others:

"Get down flat in the dust before the carriage, and we'll all call out together, 'Oh, queen, live forever!'"

Down went the three little bodies flat in the dust, much to the astonishment of the coachman, who reined up sharply.

The queen leaned forward and asked: "What in the world is the matter, children? Are you frightened?"

Three voices came out of the dust in a smothered treble:

"Yes, O queen!"

Then there was a pause, and one reproachful voice said, "There, we forgot the 'live forever' part."

The queen understood at once and laughed aloud, as her coachman afterward said, "more heartily than she had laughed for years."—London Queen.

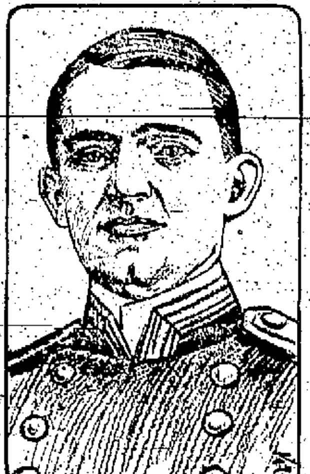
PEOPLE OF THE DAY

The Son of "Fighting Bob."

Lieutenant Franck T. Evans, U. S. N., who was recently sentenced by court martial to lose 150 numbers and be publicly reprimanded, has apparently inherited the fighting qualities of his illustrious father. Absenting himself from his post while officer of the deck and disrespect to a superior officer were the charges on which Lieutenant Evans was found guilty.

Lieutenant Franck Taylor Evans is the son of Admiral Robley D. Evans, who took the battleship fleet from Hampton Roads to the Pacific coast. This is not the first time he has figured in the news since the battleship fleet left Hampton Roads.

One night while the fleet was at San Francisco he was returning from a dinner party when he saw two jackies being assailed by a gang in front of a dance hall. He whipped out a revolver, and the ruffians fled in panic. At that stage a policeman appeared, and Lieutenant Evans, being in civilian dress, was taken to the police station. There, on satisfying the officer in charge of his identity and narrating the circumstances, he was released.



FRANCK TAYLOR EVANS.

Lieutenant Evans entered the naval service in 1891 and reached his present grade several years ago. When President Roosevelt made his flying trip to Panama Lieutenant Evans served as his aid. He was married in 1901 to the daughter of Major John Pullman, U. S. A.

Bill Smith's Father.

If there is one thing more than another which William Alden Smith has always insisted upon it is that he is himself and there are no duplicates. Feeling perfectly safe in this diagnosis of his case, he went to Massachusetts a few days ago to witness a game of football between Groton and St. Mark's schools. On the team of the latter his son played. At the height of the struggle a wiry, smooth faced man was seen to throw a silk hat high in the air and shout like one beset, his teeth standing forth like a presidential set upon the receipt of news that some Podunk family had been blessed with triplets.

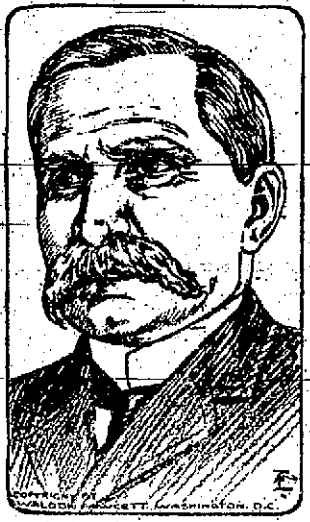
"Who's that swell guy putting his glossy lid?" asked a youthful spectator.

"That's old man Smith," another replied. "He's Bill Smith's father."—Boston Herald.

President of Panama.

Senor Jose Domingo de Obaldia, who recently succeeded Dr. Manuel Amador as president of Panama, was the unanimous choice of the seven provinces comprising the republic. His term runs from October of this year until 1912.

President Obaldia is a native of Panama and is sixty-one years old. He first came to this country as a youth of twenty and put in several years studying at New Haven and New York.



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JOSÉ DOMINGO DE OBALDIA.

Returning to Panama in 1860, he entered upon a business career with his father, who was engaged in raising cattle, mules and horses. President Obaldia still owns some of the largest herds in Panama and has other big interests, being one of the wealthiest men of the republic.

While Panama was still a part of Colombia he served as its governor and also in the Colombian senate. Since the declaration of independence in 1903 he has been vice president of the republic and minister of Panama to the United States.

JIM'S HOT FINISH.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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"What luck?" asked Ben Strome, as Jim Pettie his partner, and the other half of the Altair Brothers, emerged from the red ticket wagon, where Richard Clute was "counting up" the afternoon receipts.

"Worst sort of luck," was the reply. "I thought if I tackled the old man after a good matinee I could catch him in a fine humor, but it seems that the sheriff held him up just before I got there. One of the grafters he pinched told that the old man got a rakeoff, and the sheriff came around to get his—and I got mine. The old man's going to send Daisy to boarding school, and he mentioned a place I might go to—but it's nowhere near Daisy's school. You can bet on that."

"Can't you two hook it?" suggested Ben. "Its pretty close to the end of the season. If we lose a couple of weeks I can stand my share of the loss if I don't get a chance to work a single act at some of the late fairs. See what the kid thinks."

"I don't have to see," was the gloomy response. "I know now what her answer would be. She won't beat it. She's going to have a regular wedding, with the old man giving her away or there won't be a wedding. She's told me that a dozen times, and she means it when she says it."

Strome nodded. Ever since they had joined the Clute show in midseason Pettie had been making violent love to Daisy Clute, the owner's daughter. It was not a large circus—a one ring affair—though they traveled by railroad instead of by wagon.

The performers all lived in a single car and in theory formed one large family. Daisy and her father had a car to themselves, but she was much around the tents, and her preference for the clean limbed young gymnast had soon become a matter for comment.

By supper time the fact that the old man had refused his consent to their marriage was all over the dressing tent, and you'd not need Daisy's red rimmed eyes and Pettie's frown to confirm the report.

Daisy was standing near the entrance when Pettie came out for the double act. He did a turn on the flying rings earlier on the bill, while Strome did a strong man act in the ring. Their double act in the air was the ring feature of the show—"the hottest act in the business," they claimed—and Daisy always tried to be near in case of accident, though she could not bear to watch them.

Strome did the "bearing," catching Jim as he leaped from his own trapeze to Strome's hands. He was a reliable worker, but Daisy always feared that some night those steady nerves would fail and that Jim's body would go hurling through the air until it struck the ring bank or the seats, a limp and lifeless mass. She had seen a similar accident, and it had remained vivid in her memory.

Presently Strome came. The pair as they stood talking a few instants later the four horses rose. In the "double riding act" dashed into the tent, followed by Paul and Letty Murphy, who boasted very different names on the bill.

The band struck up their music, and the two men ran into the ring. It was the work of a moment to climb to their perches. The apparatus consisted of two trapeze swings, one long one used by Pettie for the leaps and the shorter one from which Strome hung when he made the catches. On Pettie's end there was a platform from which he leaped to gain momentum, and this was but a few feet from the center pole which held up the tent.

The first two swings were made without trouble, and then Strome did some single work to give Pettie an opportunity to rest. Jim leaned against the ropes to steady himself and glanced below at the well filled tent. A sea of faces, white in the flare of the lamps, gazed intently upward as Strome hung by his toes from the short swing.

An odd roar caught Pettie's attention, and he glanced at the lamps. A cluster of gasoline flares hung from the center pole and supplied light for the tent.

Two huge reservoirs were fastened together to form a ring about the pole and from these radiated the burners. Clute was old fashioned in many of his ideas, and his fondness for the old fashioned light amounted to a hobby.

Jim could see that one of the tanks had sprung a leak, and in some way the escaping gas had caught fire from the flames below. The heat was vaporizing the inflammable liquid more rapidly than usual, and it was only a matter of minutes before the heat would cause an explosion that would send the blazing fluid flying over the crowd below and the tinderlike tent.

There had been no rain for several days; and, on the other hand, the blazing sun had been pouring its rays on the tent since early morning. The flames would run to the guy ropes, and when these gave way the crowd below would be enveloped in a mass of flame.

There was no time to signal below to lower the lights. It was too far to jump to the pole. Strome was just climbing to the trapeze bar for a moment's rest, and Jim seized his own swing.

Strome gasped as he saw the movement and hurried to reverse on the trapeze. Jim took the count from his swing, and Strome could not understand the move. As the long swing reached the limit of its flight Strome caught Jim's voice.

He heard only the words "Emergency lights," but he guessed the rest, and as coolly as though it was a part of the act he dropped to the net below as being the quickest way down.

The big swing reached the platform and went beyond, then with increased momentum swung toward the opposite side again. A second time it swung toward the platform, and as it reached the furthest point Jim let go and kept on toward the pole.

Straight through the air he flew until his arms clasped the blue pole, and for a moment he hung there, the breath forced from his body by the shock of the impact. Then he began to climb upward.

The lights dazzled his eyes, and the heat was terrific, but he did not realize it. He knew only that seconds were precious, and right into the very heart of the blaze he climbed to reach the valve wheels that regulated the supply for the burners.

In a second the place was in darkness, but the band played its noisiest and the ring attendants were patrolling the ring and shouting that there was no danger, even while they kept their eyes on the single flame that still burned above the tanks.

Unmindful of the hot burners Jim forced his way between them, though they seared his skin through his thin silk shirt, and a moment later he clapped his hand upon the flame and held it upon the heated metal until the blaze was gone.

For a moment he swayed dizzily in the darkness; then from below there came a glare of light, and he heard Strome's voice above the blare of the band.

"Ride the lights down!" he was shouting, and Jim threw his blistered arms about the reservoirs as the men started to lower the apparatus.

They were within a few feet of the ring when strength failed, and Jim let go his hold. A dozen men swarmed to his aid, and, accompanied by two physicians from the audience, they bore him to the dressing tent.

When he came to the main tent was dark, and only the light in the dressing tent was burning.

"Did they get out?" he asked weakly.

"Every one of them," declared the old man's hearty voice. "They thought it was the 'sensational finish' we advertise until they saw what you were up to, and then we had the emergency lights going, and the crowd went out in order. It's a pity you didn't hear the applause they gave you."

"I was busy just then," explained Jim, with a faint smile. He half raised his head to look about him, and Clute guessed his thoughts.

"Daisy has gone on the train to make up a berth in our own car," he explained. "She insists upon nursing you herself. The ambulance will be here in a minute to take you down. You want to get well quick, Jim, for there's a wedding ahead of you, and it's to be Clute & Pettie's show next year, with our own electric light plant."

Clute hustled away to look for the ambulance, and Jim turned to his partner. He was too happy to realize how his burns hurt. He thought only of the fact that he had won Daisy.

"Ben," he said, with a grin, "we always told 'em we did the hottest act in the business, but that's the hottest finish we ever did. It's a pity we can't keep it in."

Why We Wear Glasses.

Man's eyes at rest are far focused—will make no effort when seeing the moon or earthly horizons. Birds' and fishes' eyes at rest are near focused—will make no effort when looking at nearby worms and minnows. Man's elastic lenses are under constant flattening compression. Imagine a rubber ball of flattened convex lenslike shape laid in between two disks of canvas and the uniting edges of these cloths stretched to a ring. They would flatten the rubber, and if relaxed it would thicken by its own elasticity. The thicker the lens the shorter its focus. For reading or threading a needle we relax the tension on the lens by contracting a ring of muscle surrounding each lens and then wait for the lenses to thicken through their elasticity. In fish the lens is set against the cornea (approximately), short focus, and when it wants to see whether the shadowy object some feet away is a shark or a log it pulls the entire round lens toward the retina and gets as clear a vision as possible. Now we see why so many human beings need "spectacles" as they grow old—the elasticity of the lenses is gradually lost, just as it is in rubber.—Harper's.

The Finger Nails.

In days when superstition was more prevalent than it is now the shape and appearance of the finger nails were considered to have reference to one's destiny. To learn the message of the finger nails it was necessary to rub them over with a compound of wax and soot and then to hold them so that the sunlight fell fully on them. Then on the horny, transparent substance certain signs and characters were supposed to appear, from which the future could be interpreted. Persons, too, having certain kinds of nails were credited with the possession of certain characteristics. Thus a man with red and spotted nails was supposed to have a hot temper, while pale, lead colored nails were considered to denote a melancholy temperament. Narrow nails were supposed to betray ambition and a quarrelsome nature, while round shaped nails were the distinguishing marks of lovers of knowledge and people of liberal sentiment. Conceited, narrow minded and obstinate folk were supposed to have small nails, indolent people fleshy nails and those of a gentle, retiring nature broad nails.

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form for malaria, chills and fever, regulates the liver, kidneys, and bladder, brings quick relief to biliousness, sick-headache, constipation. Pleasant to take. The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times the quantity of the 50c size. First dose brings relief. Its tonic effects felt at once. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Pineules for the Kidneys, 30 days' trial $1.00. Hundreds of people testify to the merit of this preparation in the relief of kidney trouble, rheumatism, lumbago, backache. Pineules act directly on the kidneys, purify the blood and make you feel like a new person. They tone the system. Sold by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove and Palace Pharmacy, Smethport.

If you are a sufferer from that most distressing affliction, piles, and have tried many remedies without being benefitted we can safely say that ManZan Pile Remedy will bring relief with the first application. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Making Good.

There is no way of making *lasting* friends like "Making Good;" and Doctor Pierce's medicines well exemplify this, and their friends, after more than two decades of popularity, are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. They have "made good" and they have not made drunkards.

A good, honest, square-deal medicine of known composition, is **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.** It still enjoys an immense sale, while most of the preparations that have come into prominence in the earlier period of its popularity have "gone by the board" and are never more heard of. There must be some reason for this long-time popularity and that is to be found in its superior merits. When once given a fair trial for weak stomach, or for liver and blood affections, its superior curative qualities are soon manifest; hence it has survived and grown in popular favor, while scores of less meritorious articles have suddenly flashed into favor for a brief period and then been as soon forgotten.

For a torpid liver with its attendant indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, perhaps dizziness, foul breath, nasty coated tongue, with bitter taste, loss of appetite, with distress after eating, nervousness and debility, nothing is so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's an honest, square-deal medicine with all its ingredients printed on bottle-wrapper—no secret, no hocus-pocus humbug, therefore *don't accept a substitute* that the dealer may possibly make a little bigger profit. *Insist* on your right to have what you call for.

Don't buy **Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription** expecting it to prove a "cure-all." It is only advised for woman's *special* ailments. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Less advertised than some preparations sold for like purposes, its sterling curative virtues still maintain its position in the front ranks, where it stood over two decades ago. As an invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine it is unequaled. It won't satisfy those who want "booze," for there is not a drop of alcohol in it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the *original* Little Liver Pills, although the first pill of their kind in the market, still lead; and when once tried are ever afterwards in favor. Easy to take as candy—one to three a dose. Much *imitated* but *never equaled.*

THE BIG STORE.

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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 19, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Note the change in advertisement of A. B. Armstrong.

—Linens for Thanksgiving are advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—Some of our townspeople have been making the best of the sleighing on the pavement this week.

—Charles Lommler, who has been confined to the house for the past ten weeks is now on the road to recovery.

—The weather is rather cold, but the Lyceum is a good warm place on a cold night. Therefore attend the dance on Saturday night.

—The George M. Sparks & Co. restaurant in Friendship, N. Y., was sold on Thursday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, to A. J. Woods of Belfast N. Y., who has taken possession. Mr. and Mrs. Sparks will locate for the present in Cuba, N. Y.

—On Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26th, at St. Luke's church, the service will be at 10:30 a. m. There will be a short address, a number of old, well known hymns and festal music with anthem. The service will last one hour. Liberal offerings are asked for general missions and parochial charities.

—Six Chinamen were drowned and four lodged in jail of a bunch that were being smuggled over from Canada to Buffalo early last Thursday morning. Ten Chinamen were being brought over in a motor boat and it was wrecked on some rocks. The three white men managing the boat escaped.

—This item comes from Milwaukee: Anton Berg, 14 years old, on whom an operation was preformed in the hope of removing an irresistable impulse to steal was discharged from the Trinity Hospital and returned to his home. He said that an aversion had come to him of theft or crime of any nature, and the physicians interested in his case believe that he has been won to honesty.

—Ambitious young men and ladies should learn Telegraphy; for since the new 8-hour law became effective there is a shortage of many thousand telegraphers. Positions pay from $50 to $75 per month to beginners. The National Telegraph Institute of Philadelphia, Pa., and five other cities is operated under the supervision of R. R. officials and all students are placed when qualified. Write them for particulars.

—The Swedish Brotherhood of America of this county have been reimbursed in the sum of $1,000 for the shortage of John O. Somberg who was short in his accounts with that organization.

—Asa P. Boot of Bolivar on Tuesday sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to W. H. Thomas of Rushford, N. Y., an undivided three-eights interest in the Robinson farm of 50 acres in fee with 14 wells, located one mile east of Bolivar. The property is in good shape and there are seven locations to drill.

—Mrs. Eliza Wood Ormsby of Smiths Mills, N. Y., died at her home in that place at 2 p. m., Thursday, November 12th, after an extended illness, aged 78 years. The deceased is survived by eight sons and one daughter, as follows: Richard C. of Mt. Jewett; R. J. and J. D. of Bradford; G. W. of Jersey Shore; William, of Buffalo, N. Y.; L. N. Thomas and Edward Ormsby of Smiths Mills; Miss Mary Ormsby of Smiths Mills.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—No family ought to be without an old lounge, says an exchange. It should be old enough so one need not worry about wearing it out and it should be in a downstairs room where it can be used whenever there is time and the mood to use it. Many women who are overworked, would, had they one handy, take five minutes sometimes for a complete rest and many a man who comes home grumbling would go away by himself and keep quiet if he had a chance to rest in that way.

—Old pioneer Zeph Burrows was called home Monday afternoon. His has been one of the familiar figures hereabouts for a longer period than most of us can remember. It is said that he was in his ninetieth year, but it is pretty generally thought that he was older. He was on the Two-Mile when the territory was covered with pine and hemlock from the river to its source. In his day he was a character, and has raised a large family. He lived close to Nature and was always satisfied, always contented. The funeral was held on Wednesday at eleven o'clock. Rev. Peter Bowers officiating, and the interment was made in the Burrows cemetery on the Two-Mile, beside those of his wives.—Port Allegany Reporter.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are unequaled in cases of weak back, back ache, inflammation of the bladder, rheumatic pains, and all urinary disorders. They are antiseptic and act promptly. Don't delay, for delays are dangerous. Get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

VAGARIES OF SOUND.

Acoustic Phenomena That Are Puzzling to Scientists.

At twilight some time ago at a life saving station of the English coast noises were heard that sounded like signal shots from some distance at sea. A boat was launched and sped with all possible energy to the place from which the sounds seemed to have come but it returned without having heard or seen anything further. Yet the seaman who had been left behind on guard declared positively that in the meantime he had heard near shore unmistakable cries for help from drowning persons. The bluejackets themselves are most inclined to regard the whole matter as supernatural and the voices as spectral. Scientists say that it is possible, however, that such sounds may be audible in remarkable distinctness where there is a high coast though they may come from a great distance, especially when persons there are placed accidentally so that behind them rises a wall which receives the sound and throws it back.

On some coasts that are often visited by fogs a legend of so called "fog shots" has acquired vogue. These are said to have their origin, for some reason not yet fathomed, within the masses of fog. Acoustic phenomena are found of such a strange kind that the investigation of them may be said to be still very far from conclusive. The most inexplicable secret lies perhaps not in the occurrence of sounds, the origin of which may be reached only with great difficulty, but in their disappearance and in absolute silence when audible noises should be expected. Many a ship has been wrecked because its signals of distress, loud and uninterrupted, have remained inaudible, although only a very short distance from the coast.

But, again, it happens that in such an instance the very same signals become audible at a far greater distance where they provoke great excitement. A remarkable example of this was produced by the firing of guns by the English fleet in the roadstead at Spithead on Feb. 1, 1901, as a token of mourning for Queen Victoria. This was not heard at all by many persons close at hand who were listening for it, while at places much farther away it was heard plainly. The direction of the wind failed to explain this aberration of the waves of sound.—Chicago News.

PEGGY'S ADVICE.

Why It Suddenly Changed From Excellent to Worthless.

It was the era of the first Quincy baby, and the attention of the entire Quincy family, consisting solely of mother and father, was directed to the proper upbringing of the infant. Books on babyhood were bought and digested. Suitable magazines were subscribed for. Friends and mothers were consulted on every point. But, to the wonder of the solicitous, Mrs. Quincy declared that the advice that did the most good was that which appeared in the morning paper, signed with the fetching name "Peggy." But the time came when even that was discarded.

"Aren't you going to read me the little lesson from the Journal for today?" asked Mr. Quincy at the breakfast table.

"I shall never read that stuff to any one any more," said the mother firmly.

"Why not? Only day before yesterday you were saying what excellent recommendations Peggy made about crying children. Why do you desert her?"

"I'll tell you, Tom," she said. "I had meant not to say a word about it, because it is so humiliating; but now you've spoken—well, I might as well confess. The paper yesterday said something I didn't quite understand, and, as I was downtown, I thought I'd just run into the office and ask Peggy what she meant. So I did. The office boy smiled when I asked for Peggy, but he took me up a lot of dirty stairs and then pointed to a door. I knocked, and a voice answered, 'Come in!'"

"Well?" queried her husband.

"Well, there isn't any Peggy! Not a woman at all, but a perfectly horrid, grinning man, smoking a cigar! He writes that advice—a man! What do you think of that, Tom?"

Mrs. Quincy paused in her indignation.

"I thought you found the advice good, as a rule," he objected.

"Tom Quincy, how could a man in a newspaper office write good advice to mothers? I am surprised! You men think you know everything!"—Youth's Companion.

One Way of Getting Out.

Gaston burst like a whirlwind in upon his friend Alphonse. "Will you be my witness?" he cried.

"Going to fight?"

"No; going to get married."

Alphonse after a pause inquired, "Can't you apologize?"

Valuation.

"Young man," said the stern parent, "have you any idea of the value of a dollar?"

"Certainly," answered the gilded youth. "At the club a dollar represents one white chip."—Washington Star.

Too Small to Pray.

"Yes, your reverence, our Johnny is a wonder. He can play cards, bowl and cuss like a trooper."

"Can he say his prayers?"

"No; he's too little for that."—Fliegende Blatter.

Love makes the world go round, but money buys the axle grease.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup always brings quick relief to coughs, colds, hoarseness, whooping cough and all bronchial and throat trouble. Mothers especially recommend it for children, as it is pleasant to take. It is gently laxative. Should be in every home. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the Miner.

A PERILOUS FEAT.

Caging a Savage Hippopotamus In the London Zoo.

Many more little dramas are enacted at the zoo than the outside public wots of, says the London Standard. Behind the lion house there is a black leopardess which is implacably savage and tries to eat her keeper. Her neighbor is a great romping leopard which a lady reared in India. He comes out to play when the British public is represented by only a liveried zoo man. Sometimes the animals get out without the consent of their keepers. One which did so was Obash, the hippopotamus. He proved a savage indeed when the attempt was made to deprive him of his liberty. Happily the gardens were closed at the time. Try as they would, the keepers could not entice or coerce the monster in the direction of his den. At last the superintendent called up an assistant whom the hippopotamus hated. The chief put a bank note into the man's hand. "Scott," he said, "throw open the paddock gate, show yourself to Obash, then run for it." Scott did. The animal went for him, raging along the path and after him into the paddock. Scott climbed the railings just in time, and the hippopotamus on turning found the gate secured behind it. Presently a press representative arrived to investigate the story, which had somehow become known. "Hippopotamus escaped? Oh, dear no! Come and see him in his den," he was answered as they led him to where the monster was re-caged.

A CHILD'S HEROISM.

The Story of a Visit to the Beautiful Glasnevin Cemetery.

A pathetic story of a child's heroism is told by a Dublin gentleman. Recently he proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful Glasnevin cemetery. Calling his son, a bright little boy, some four years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's countenance fell, and the father said:

"Don't you want to go, Willie?"

The little lip quivered, but the child answered, "Yes, papa, if you wish."

The child was strangely silent during the drive, and when the carriage drove up to the entrance he clung to his mother's side and looked up in her face with pathetic wistfulness.

The party alighted and walked among the graves and along the tree shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting places of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead. After an hour or so thus spent they returned to the carriage, and the father lifted his little son to his seat. The child looked surprised, drew a breath of relief and asked:

"Why, am I going back with you?"

"Of course you are. Why not?"

"I thought when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there," said the child.

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that this child evinced in what to him had evidently been a summons to leave the world.—London Telegraph.

His Mean Trick.

"There certainly are differences in feelings," said the woman who sometimes philosophizes, "or at least different ways of expressing them.

"A few days ago a shocking incident occurred in the apartment house where I live. The janitor, who was an unusually good looking man, about thirty-five years old, killed himself for some wholly inadequate reason—some difference with his employer. Of course everybody in the house was much upset by the tragedy, and I, with other tenants, went down to the basement to see his wife and offer aid.

"The wife, however, seemed more resentful than grief stricken.

"'Would you ever think such a fine man would do such a mean trick!' she exclaimed."—New York Press.

Where They Know How to Economize.

At the request of a woman in search of a servant the manager of an employment agency asked each of the girls lined up against the wall if she had ever been employed in a minister's family. None of them had been.

"May I ask why you are particularly anxious to know if these girls have had an engagement of that kind?" asked the manager.

"Because we are very hard up just now," the woman replied, "and I must have a girl who is economical. I have found that of all servants those who have worked in ministers' families know best how to economize."—New York Sun.

Easy Trick.

Marshall P. Wilder once showed Alexander Herrmann a new trick at cards. "Alex," said the humorist, "I will tell you the name of a card that you will select in your mind." After a pause he asked, "Now, what is it, Alex?" "The queen of diamonds," answered the magician. "Yes," said Wilder, "that is right." Herrmann stood puzzled for a moment, then smiled and admitted that the laugh was on him.

One Better.

Englishman (in British museum)—This book, sir, was once owned by Cicero. American Tourist—Pshaw, that's nothing. Why, in one of our American museums we have the lead pencil with which Noah used to check off the animals as they came out of the ark.

Exclusive.

"Now that your son's in college, I suppose he'll be getting exclusive; he'll be getting into the Four Hundred."

"Oh, he's more exclusive than that! He's on the nine already."—Exchange.

Tired mothers, worn out by the peevish, cross baby, have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing. Cascasweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in cold weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the Miner.

SOME WORD ORIGINS.

Hurrah Comes From the Old Battlecry of the Vikings.

Rah, the final syllable of most college yells, is, of course, short for hurrah. The word hurrah itself comes from the old battlecry of the ancient vikings—namely, Tur Ale, which means God aid. There is another form, huzza, which comes from hosanna. This was the old cry of the crusaders. The word yes comes directly through the Norman-French oyes, which means near. In its old form it is still used by beadles and certain municipal officials in civic functions in England and also by the royal heralds in proclaiming the succession of sovereigns to the throne. No is purely Norman-French and comes from the Latin non ita, meaning not so. The real Anglo-Saxon was nay, just as the Anglo-Saxon affirmative was yes. The word mister is directly from the Latin magister, meaning master. Mrs. is from the word mistress, and formerly, as late as the eighteenth century, all unmarried women were given the title of mistress—as, for example, Mistress Sophia Western in "Tom Jones." Esquire is derived from the old Norman-French escuyer, which means shield bearer. Every knight of the shire had his shield bearer, and the honor of carrying the shield was supposed to confer gentility upon the follower. The word gentleman until the middle of the seventeenth century meant, as the present French word gentilhomme, a nobleman, nothing less, and no man was a gentleman who was not entitled to "bear arms."—New York World.

HIS SUNDAY SUIT.

He Was a Good Dresser and Careful With His Things.

"The line which separates those who 'dress for dinner' from those who do not is an invisible crack compared with the yawning gulf that divides those people of London who 'dress theirselves of a Sunday' from those who have none but their workaday clothes." So writes a district nurse in "The Next Street but One."

"I had often noticed," said the writer, "that one highly respectable old agricultural laborer wore very much the same clothes at all times, but unfortunately it was not until after his death that I heard of the tragedy that had darkened all the Sundays of his later life and bitterly mortified his wife and daughters.

"'Thirteen year ago his clo'es was stole by a tramp, and us never had no money for to put 'em back. Us did feel it, goin' to chapel and all. There's a many as would have stopped at home, but he wasn't that sort, the old man wasn't. "It's the garments of our souls as matters," he'd say. But for all that he was ashamed to wear his week day ones. He couldn't never get used to it.

"'His proper suit was made by an Irish tailor who came over in these parts in a little boat and stayed a month or two, earning what he could all round about. Twenty-nine years they'd lasted him, and they'd have seen him through to the end. Yes, he was always a good dresser, and pretty careful with his things too.'"

He Was a Warbler.

You could tell from his hair that he was a musician or something of the sort.

"Yes," he said to the company at large, "the greatest tenor in the land once paid me the biggest compliment I could wish."

"Oh?" remarked some one interrogatively.

"It was like this. I sang without accompaniment. I always have trouble with accompanists; they're so unsympathetic, you know—and at the end of the song he said to me:

"'Do you know, when you began without an accompanist I was surprised; when I heard you I was astonished, and when you sat down I was delighted!'"

And the sun shone down and lit up the youth's beatific smile of satisfaction.—London Mail.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. [illegible] realizes that money is absolutely essen[illegible] intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all thi[illegible] perous. Op[illegible] count with the [illegible] National Ba[illegible] day and lay the f[illegible] for a fortune.

Grange National Bank

of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune-Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's

BAKED GOODS TOBACCO CIGARS

AND FINE CONFECTIONERY

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Nov. 19, 1908.

IT is reported from Berlin that 300 miners lost their lives by an explosion of the damp in the Radbok mine on Thursday.

AND now the Democrats are going to re-open headquarters at once in order to educate the people to vote their ticket four years hence.

THE charges made against Raymond Hitchcock, the actor, have been dropped. In one of the cases the girl admitted that she had lied and all the cases have been abandoned.

W. J. BRYAN seems to be in a very receptive mood. He is willing to be United States Senator from Nebraska if that Legislative body wants him to fill that position two years hence, and he is also willing to answer a call from the people for the Presidency four years from now.

DEBS says Socialism will triumph in the near future.—Chafin says Prohibition is bound to win in 1912.—Bryan says: "Begin work now for the victory that will crown the efforts of the Democracy in the next Presidential campaign."—Taft says nothing. He simply smiles.

OUT in Oklahoma on Sunday a negro, James Deckard, quarrelled with and killed an Indian boy. He then barricaded himself in his house and killed two white men and five negro deputies who attempted to arrest him. A mob attacked the house and wounded Deckard, who rather than face the mob set fire to the house and burned himself to death.

THE feeling in Tennessee over the killing of ex-Senator Carmack still grows more intense. The grand jury of Davidson county on Friday afternoon returned indictments against Col. Duncan B. Cooper, Robin Cooper and ex-Sheriff John D. Sharp, charging them jointly with the murder of ex-Senator E. W. Carmack. Sharp is also indicted on the charge of being accessory before the fact.

THE self-styled "ever reliable" Democrat says editorially last week that the writer, as an enthusiast, reported to Republican headquarters in Bradford that we would [illegible] Mr. Hilton's vote in this borough down to [illegible]. Now if this ever reliable editor or his reliable informant will take the pains to look up facts he will find that our estimate gave Mr. Hilton nearly five times forty and was not nearly as rash as some of the ante-election predictions of the Democrat.

THE following is from the Bradford Sunday Herald: James McKean, who has been re-elected to the Assembly, deplores the defeat of his running mate. He will, however, exert even greater efforts on behalf of the interests of the county. He is a life-long resident, has extensive interests, and his paramount desire is to do the best he can for each and every interest everywhere in the county. He has learned the way to accomplish results and will work energetically for the people's interest in this county. Mr. Hilton says he is a beginner in the legislative game, but will apply himself to his duties. On all local interests he will work with Mr. McKean. Of course on local option, if there be any such legislation, he will necessarily be opposed to Mr. McKean.

FROM Philadelphia comes the suggestion that the trouble over the presidential year ballot in Pennsylvania be corrected by placing the regular party designation directly above the corresponding column of presidential electors, thereby protecting the voter from mistaking the electorial column for the "party square." The Harrisburg Telegraph says the suggestion is worth considering. Certainly, something will have to be done. Four years ago the Republicans of Pennsylvania lost 102,000 votes and the Democrats 20,000 votes by reason of this confusing condition of the ballot. The complete figures for the State are not yet available as to this year's election, but since in Philadelphia alone the Republicans lost 41,000 votes and the Democrats 28,000, it is reasonable to suppose that the loss in the State will be almost as heavy as that of four years ago, notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts of party leaders and newspapers to warn the voter against this mistake.

THE assailant of Heney, the courageous Assistant District Attorney of San Francisco, has saved the public the expense of a trial by killing himself. The assaulted is likely to recover. Thus ends another chapter of the fight for reform in the City of the Golden Gate. We are a temperamental people. We are headstrong and rash. There is no denying this. When we have ten thousand homicides a year and only about 150 legal executions it is certain that life is held in light respect by the average American. Not that the average man wants to kill a fellow man, but he hates to punish a murderer. It is getting to be that the only way the American people object to the taking of life, is by legal methods. But it as surely appears that we must learn something from recent tragedies. Heney was and is a man without fear. He fought for what he considered right in the wilds of Arizona, where every man carried a gun. He fought the land thieves and timber thieves of the Northwest in a manner that laid him open to assassination at any moment. It was not supposed that the assault would come from the quarter it did, but it was hardly unexpected that he should be shot. His conduct of the cases against Abe Ruef has been of a kind to arouse enmities. He has been insistent in season and out in trailing the man to his lair. He has been in nowise discouraged by the various failures to make convictions permanent. None of the reversals of the lower court have affected him save that he has been more than ever determined to strike at the root of the festering sore of San Francisco. So far as Abe Ruef is concerned, it was the worst possible thing for him that Heney was shot down. In a city as large as San Francisco he has many friends, especially among the Mammon of unrighteousness, but the end is certain. The clock has struck and the city which was able to rise from ashes and earthquake is certain to have that moral awakening which it so sorely needs and which will be of benefit to the whole of the country.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Just Those Yankees.

It is rather brazen for Connecticut to come along with a ready-cooked-potato plant when its wooden nutmeg bush hasn't yet been listed in the floral catalogues.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrators, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court, to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A. D. 1908.

First and final account of Martha A. Suttell, administratrix of the estate of Jason R. Suttell, deceased.

First and final account of Clara M. Welch and John L. Tuohy, executors of the last Will and Testament of G. C. Welch, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of W. C. Lancaster, administrator of the estate of William W. Lancaster, deceased.

First and partial account of Mary M. West, administratrix of the estate of Jacob West, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of Elizabeth Fagnan, executrix of Geo. C. Fagnan, guardian of Hattie Andrew, late minor child of Anna Andrew, deceased.

First and final accounts of Elizabeth Fagnan, executrix of Geo. C. Fagnan, guardian of Edwin J. Small, Sarah V. Small and Leo Small, minor children of Joseph Small, deceased.

First, final and distribution account of Wm. Cumming, executor of the last Will and Testament of Ann Cunningham, deceased.

First and final account of Anna M. Jones, guardian of Mabel A. Maloney, late minor child of Elizabeth Maloney, deceased.

JOHN R. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., November 17, 1908.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 28, Feb. Term, 1908.

MCKEAN COUNTY, SS:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Lucy Wilson did on the 21st day of [illegible] prefer her petition to our said Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth, [illegible] that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, [illegible] Wilson.

We therefore command you, the said [illegible] Wilson, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of Lucy Wilson and show cause, if any you have, why the said Lucy Wilson, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 13, 1908.
R. B. Stone, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 152, June Term, 1907.

MCKEAN COUNTY, SS:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ella Dinger did, on the 20th day of April, 1908, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, James Dinger.

We therefore command you, the said James Dinger that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the second Monday of December next, to answer the petition or libel of Ella Dinger and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ella Dinger, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Act of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 19, 1908.
J. E. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County on the 14th day of December, 1908, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, under Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by W. A. Andorfer, John F. Rooney, W. H. Gallup, Walter O. Daly and Wm. Mosheimer and others, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Smethport Business Men's Association, the character and object of which is to foster, protect, encourage and promote the welfare and interests of persons engaged in trade and commerce in the Borough of Smethport, by combining the intelligence and influence of the members against imposition and fraud as experience may, from time to time, prove needful; by bringing about greater uniformity and certainty in business association among its members, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the Act of Assembly aforesaid, and its supplements.

Notice is also given that the petition for said incorporation, a copy of the constitution and by-laws of the said association were filed in the said court at No. 104, December Term, 1908, on November 9th, 1908.

JOHN N. APPLE,
Solicitor.

Smethport, Pa.,
November 17, 1908.

Incorporation Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Monday, December 21, 1908, by Frank H. Lowrie, Fred J. Phillips, Fred D. Gallup, J. C. Backus and Harry Eason, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called EASON ENGINE COMPANY, the character and object of which is the creating, purchasing, holding and selling of patent rights for inventions and designs, with the right to issue license for the same and receive pay therefor, and for these purposes to have, posses and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly, and its supplements.

F. D. GALLUP,
Solicitor.

Smethport, Pa., November [illegible]

Stocked Dairy Farm on Main Road Near a Condensory.

We offer for sale a farm of 122 acres, located on main road, two miles from Black Creek, N. Y.; six miles from Belfast and 18 miles from Olean, N. Y., on Erie and Pennsylvania railroads. 40 acres work land lays fine, balance hill and beech land. All smooth land, well watered and will carry 80 cows. Nice orchard and big grove of young maples. Nine-room house, good roof, painted, good repair; fine cellar, fine barn with cement stable floors, patent stanchions, tool shed, large silo; barn painted and as good as new. With the farm we offer all tools and machinery, 15 registered Ayrshire cows with hay and ensilage to carry them to grass. This farm is close to school, 15 minutes' drive from a condensory, and railroad station. Location is sightly and it is a fine farm house. We offer this entire property for only $5,000. Terms, $1,500 cash, balance $200 a year and interest. Possession December 1 or March 1. This farm is within rifle shot of two railroads and will be on one of the first state roads to be built in Allegany county. Write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

A Great Sacrifice of Millinery.

Rather than move them will sell for the next 30 days everything below cost. Everything new and up-to-date. No old stock.

Call and see them before buying elsewhere.

MRS. SPRING,
Hill St., next to Green's Grist Mill,
Smethport, Pa.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

MOVE THE BOWELS AND WORK OFF A COLD WITH THE ORIGINAL BEE'S LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP. BEST FOR A **COUGH**

STEP INTO OUR

TAILORING DEPARTMENT

for a few moments, we want to show you what's new in Suitings and Overcoatings. We have many handsome patterns confined to us for this locality. Woolens can't be described on paper, they must be seen to be appreciated.

Our Hobby

is to please you, satisfy you and become your Permanent Tailors.

Suits for Young Men.

Here are the new ideas—Suits of nobby, snappy cloths, square shoulders, and cut just the right length. If you want to know what's going to be wore, come in and take a look at them, it won't cost you anything. Besides we like to show these suits to our young friends.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Marlin

A 6¾ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the *Marlin Model 16* Repeating Shotgun, *the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.*

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the *Marlin Model 16* without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous *Marlin* Model 19, with the *Marlin* solid top, and the *Marlin* closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the *Marlin* side ejection and the beautiful *Marlin* balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. *Have your dealer show it.*

There's a full description of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "*Marlin* Book" just issued—[illegible] cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

FREE FROM SMOKE AND ODOR

Burns clean and dry without charring wick or frosting chimney.

"FAMILY FAVORITE" LAMP OIL

Refined three times. Every foreign particle and sediment removed. Clear, white and absolutely uniform. Gives the brightest white light—the most and best light. Finest in the world for reading and "night work."

Not sold from tank wagons. Direct to you out of the original barrel from us. Costs no more and is ever so much better. Your dealer knows—ask him.

Waverly Oil Works Co., Independent Refiners, Pittsburg, Pa.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

OUR Annual Great Christmas Sales are now under way—with fresh merchandise brought forward daily—and splendid chances for everybody to save money.

☛ Railroad fares refunded to out-of-town patrons.

Make our big department store your home, when in Buffalo.

Mail orders faithfully filled

H. A. MELDRUM CO.
SOLE AGENCY SOROSIS SHOES.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits,	$300,000.00
Resources about	$900,000.00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.

Pays interest on time deposits.

Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.

Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.

Solicits your business, no account too small, no transaction too large.

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GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

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H. H. REDFIELD

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Almon Wordworth, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Almon Wordworth, late of Corea Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

JOHN F. ROBARTS, Administrator.
[illegible] N. Y.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Coats and Suits for present wear are selling freely and the assortment is at its best. Call and see them.

Children's Coat Line

Several hundred Coats on the racks to-day are to be reduced and sold rapidly. We mean to sell more Children's Coats than ever before and a reduction in price always accomplishes that end. If the little ones are ready for new Coats we are ready to supply them at a great saving for you.

Sizes from 2 to 20. All at a saving.

Patrician Shoes

at $3.50 and $4.00, for all occasions. We have them.

DALY & GARLICK

As the hunting season is now open you will need a good Gun, either in a double or single barrel. A little ammunition too. We carry the Winchester shells.

Daly & Garlick,

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 19, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Thanksgiving one week from to-day.

—The children of this place enjoyed their first skating on the pond Tuesday.

—It is now claimed that Duke Abruzzi and Miss Elkins are *not* going to marry.

—There are more ways than one to keep warm. Monheimer has a sweater ad on this page.

—Charles McVean, who has been ill at his home for nearly three weeks, is improving rapidly.

—Miss Dora Keenan entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on Main street yesterday afternoon.

—Don't forget the supper to be given by the ladies of the Baptist church at the hose house this evening.

—Eddie Foy in "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway" will be the attraction at the Bradford Theatre to-night.

—Yale defeated Princeton last Saturday in one of the great football games of the season by a score of 11 to 6.

—L. L. Stillwell is now the managing editor of the Roulette Recorder. Mr. Corwin still remains its publisher.

—Miss Fay Knapp has accepted the position in the Bell telephone office made vacant by the resignation of Miss Gertrude Wendell.

—"A Pair of Country Kids" was the attraction at the Lyceum last evening. This old and thrilling melo-drama drew an average sized house.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday, Nov. 22, the services will be held at 8 and 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Service at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—On Tuesday A. J. Gilfillan and a party of friends left for his camp at the head of Irish Hollow, where they expect to spend a couple of weeks hunting for big and small game.

—While going home last Saturday evening George Sherburne fell and sprained his ankle so badly that he has been confined to the house ever since. His many friends sympathize with him in his misfortune.

—In figuring the pluralites of the candidates last week we made a mistake in the plurality of H. M. Choate. His plurality is 2952 instead of 2252 as it appeared in the table. This gives Comrade Choate the biggest plurality of any man on the ticket who had an opponent.

—No one person is allowed under the law to kill more than one deer in a season nor to kill an animal without horns, under heavy penalty.

—Turkeys are selling from two to five cents a pound cheaper than last year. Dealers are paying from 14 to 17c live weight for the same stock that brought 22 cents two years ago.

—Bradford is booming its Old Home Week which is to be held next August. If all the ex-residents of Bradford return there wont be room enough for them to stand in the Tuna valley.

—Carrie Nation is going to leave this country. She has been called to Scotland by the prohibitionists of that country to put the Scotch highball out of business. Good, we never liked that mixture anyway.

—Father P. J. Donahue of Sartwell has been transferred to Brockwayville, Pa.; Father F. A. Doyle of Clermont succeeding him at Sartwell. Father Carpenter of Oil City will be transferred to Clermont.

—A man named Waite, who resides at Sheffield, Warren county, is suffering from varioloid, which is a mild form of smallpox. The fellow has been isolated, and the case is now under the care of the county health officials.

—Chaperoned by Lew Dickenson, one of our famous young nimrods, Corte Corwin and Tom Cole left Tuesday for Frog Camp and the big woods, there to concoct hunting stories that will make "Dad" Heath sit up and take notice.

—At St. Elizabeth's church every Sunday evening at 7:45, Vespers and instruction course for the winter on "True Men as We Need Them." Subject for next Sunday evening, "The Intemperate Husband." Everybody invited.

—Gus McClure, aged 46 years, died at his home in Franklinville on Wednesday of last week. For several years the deceased was a traveling salesman and visited Smethport regularly. He had many friends here who will deeply regret his death.

—On account of Thanksgiving the MINER will be issued on Wednesday next week and this office will be closed on Thursday. Advertisers are requested to bring in advertisements not later than Monday in order that they may be inserted in that issue.

—Franklin, Pa., had a $50,000 fire Tuesday morning. The losses are divided as follows: B. H. Printz, building, $10,000; Bell Telephone Co., equipment, $35,000; Mays Post, G. A. R., furnishings, $2,000; Company F, 16th Regiment, N. G. P., $1,200; Electrical Supply and Construction Co., $300; W. R. C., $300; H. H. Olcott, household goods, $300. The cause of the fire is unknown.

—It is reported that Coudersport will soon have a Grange store. At a recent meeting a large amount of stock was subscribed for and all present were enthusiastic for the plan.

—The ladies of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a cooked food sale next Saturday at 2:30 o'clock in their rooms in the basement of Rev. J. E. Dugan's house. Plum puddings a specialty.

—The merchant who is wise will not wait until the last minute to advertise his line of holiday goods, but will take time by the forelock as it were and tell the people all about his line. The MINER is one of the best medium in this section for this purpose.

—Rev. R. Summersgill, pastor of the U. B. church at Farmers Valley, will open a series of revival meetings at the Union church at East Smethport next Sunday evening, which will be continued every evening for one or two weeks. All are welcome.

—The authorities of the Lackawanna railroad have given orders that the throwing of rice by wedding parties at prospective passengers on their trains will be prohibited. The Lackawanna is entitled to credit for abolishing a relic of barbarism which all decent railroads should have done away with years ago.

—Miss Mollie Warshafsky, formerly a well known and popular young lady of this place, and John A. Larkin of New York city were married at the latter place Wednesday, October 21, 1908. Mr. Larkin holds a responsible position in an electrical garage and they will make their home in New York.

—Miss Elizabeth Nichols, a clerk at the cigar stand in the Hotel Tuller, Detroit, Mich., won a game of dice with George L. Fish, millionaire manufacturer of automobile accessories. The cubes were thrown with the understanding that if the girl won Fish would offer to marry her. He did and was accepted.

—Miss Mabel Carroll of Mt. Jewett and William Caverly of Bradford were united in marriage yesterday morning at 7:30 o'clock at Mt. Jewett, Rev. Father Blake officiating. Mr. Caverly is telegraph operator and agent at Gatchins. He and his bride will reside at Mt. Jewett, says this morning's Era.

—A black rabbit is a rara avis in this section of the country, but Cleve Pike killed one yesterday morning and a good many Ridgway people had an opportunity to see something they never saw before. The rabbit was entirely black except a few light hairs along the back that was scarcely discernible. The unique specimen of the Bunny tribe excited a good deal of interest when Cleve brought it to town yesterday. The rabbit was killed in the vicinity of Millhaven.—Ridgway Democrat.

—Mrs. G. T. Dennis died at the home of a daughter at Port Allegany Sunday, and the remains were taken to Eldred Tuesday morning where the services were held at the Methodist church of that place and the body was laid at rest in the cemetery at Rixford. George T. Dennis and Mrs. H. Eliza Barter both of Eldred, were married at the home of the bride on Edson street, January 1, 1890, the ceremony being performed by Rev. T. J. Russell, presiding elder of Olean District. She leaves a number of children to mourn her taking away. Mr. Dennis died a few years ago.

—The friends of [illegible] M. H. Houghton are well pleased at the announcement that he may return to active work in the ministry. Mr. Houghton was one of the most eloquent pulpit orators Bradford has ever had, and his personal popularity made him a great success as a minister, but he liked politics and retired from the ministry to enter that field, which he did with the same whole heartedness he had exhibited as a clergyman. He has been active in politics since, and attained wide note as a republican. Mr. Houghton is, and has been, for several years, revenue collector for this section of the State.—Bradford Star.

—One often hears that there is none of that genuine Southern hospitality left in the United States, but we beg to differ with those who make such assertions. Right here in McKean county a weary traveler may find that same true spirit of "do unto others as you would be done by." The writer has spent three days of the past week hunting in adjacent townships and speaks from experience. Monday afternoon, after a long tramp, the writer and three companions came out of the woods near Mrs. John McKernon's home and that hospitable lady would allow none of us to start home until we partook of a bountiful meal. This lady is one of the many hospitable people to practice the golden rule.

Kodol contains the same digestive juices that are found in an ordinary healthy stomach, and there is therefore, no question but what any form of stomach trouble, Indigestion or Nervous Dyspepsia, will yield readily yet naturally to a short treatment of Kodol. Try it to-day on our guarantee. Take it for a little while, as that is all you will need to take. Kodol digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

My Graftony.

To live content with all means; to seek affluence rather than poverty and designment rather than labor; to be wealthy, not respectable; seem wealthy, not rich; to scheme hard, think quietly, talk quietly, act greasily—this is to be my graftony.—Harvard Lampoon.

Rings Little Liver Pills for billiousness sick headache, muddy complexion. They tone the liver: *do not gripe*. They keep you well. 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Wanted.

Girl or woman to do general house work for small family. Address box 205.

Personal Mention.

H. W. Rubin was a Bradford visitor on Tuesday.

A. L. Hughes was in Eldred on business Tuesday.

F. D. Gallup had business in Bradford yesterday.

Clarence Hooker of Bradford was in town Thursday last.

Mrs. J. O. Backus and Mattie Backus visited Eldred on Tuesday.

G. B. Mayo returned last evening from a business visit to Oil City.

Mrs. Mary A. Backus was in Shinglehouse the first of this week.

Miss Maude Irons left Wednesday for a visit with friends in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Welch are visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. Alfred Hagberg of Hazelhurst was the guest of relatives in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Mitchell left Tuesday morning for a short visit at Buffalo.

Mrs. John C. Hamlin is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Bosworth, in New York this week.

Rev. R. Summersgill of Farmers Valley was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday.

H. S. Rubin was in Buffalo and Rochester last week on a purchasing trip, returning home Saturday.

Fred J. Shattuck and daughter, Grace returned to their home in Linesville, after a week's visit in town.

Jake and Louie Neipling were visitors in town last night and this morning renewing old acquaintances.

Mr and Mrs. G. A. Denning were called to Belmont yesterday by the death of his uncle, George Dort.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup returned Tuesday evening from Buffalo, where they have been for the past few days.

Miss Sophia Haffner left this morning for her home in Clermont, after spending a few days with relatives in town.

Mrs. D. W. Morey and daughter, Katherine of East Smethport, are the guests of Coudersport friends this week.

W. H. Binney, J. H. Gann and D. Howells of Kane were in town Thursday last to attend a meeting of the Underwriters Association.

Miss Gertrude Wendell left to-day for Bradford where she will visit friends until Saturday when she will leave for her new home at Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Fresh Fish.

We are now prepared to furnish you with fresh fish, oysters both in shell and bulk, clams and blue points. Your order solicited.

46tf TAYLOR & McCARTY.

Hands cracked and bruised from husking, skin diseases, tan freckles, cuts relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized (acts like a poultice). Draws out inflammation. Price 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

MOLASSES
XXXX FLOUR
The Necessaries of Life

Sole Agents for

Thornton & Chester's Best Flour

Oscar Engstrom.

WM. MONHEIMER.

The Greatest Sweater Sale

ever held in McKean County.

$1.50

will buy, this week, a $3.50, $4.00 or $5.00

All Wool Sweater

At Monheimer's

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Store Closed Thanksgiving Day.

Linens for Thanksgiving

And after they have served for that festive occasion you can use them for years and years. For our Linens are of the sturdy sorts—durable, strong and long-lived. Sun bleached, mostly, not chemically bleached. Chemicals weaken the flaxen thread, cut away an invisible gum which holds the tiny fibre together, destroying the strength of union. Sun bleaching has no effect on this gum.

It's Linens that will give you satisfaction that we want you to come and see.

Yard Linens, 66 to 72 inches wide—50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25
Napkins, the dozen—$1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.90, $3.50
Pattern Sets, Cloths 72x108 inches and Napkins to match—$9.50
Tray Cloths—each 25c, 50c, $1.00 and up to $3.75
Doileys—each 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00
Lunch Cloths—each $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and up to $4.50

JARDINERE STANDS

Exceptional value. Walnut finish.

Top 10½ inches, height 15 inches—each 25c
Top 12 inches, height 24 inches—each 50c

FRY & COMES

STAND ON END
RUBEROID ROOFING
NO TAR
STAND ON END

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PRICES RIGHT!

—ON OUR—

Bacon and Hams. Also Summer Sausage, Dried Beef, Corned Beef and Roast Beef.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

COFFEE'S.

Java,	35c lb	Mocha & Java,	35c lb
White House,	35c lb	Veteran Brand,	30c lb
Our Own Blend,	28c lb	Brighton Blend,	25c lb
Blue Ribbon,	25c lb	Faxon's Brand,	25c lb
Admiral,	22c lb	Rio,	20c lb
Arbuckles,	18c lb		

—AT—

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

Saving Uncle Henry.

By Award Ridgeway.

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Colton caught up the desk telephone that stood at his elbow and smiled as he recognized his wife's voice. One of the arguments in favor of the removal to the suburbs had been that the reduction in rent was vastly greater than Colton's commutation and Mrs. Colton's occasional trips to town. They had not counted on the telephone bill, which more than made up the difference.

"What's the matter now?" he asked good humoredly. "The cook left?"

"That's only part," came the answer "The cook left, and the Nelsons have just had word that his sister is dead and they can't come."

"That will help some," declared Colton encouragingly. "There won't be so many to cook for."

"But Eleanor will have to get the dinner," wailed Mrs. Colton. "That takes the three Nelsons and you and her away from the table. Don't you see that it leaves just thirteen?"

"Thirteen's lucky," cheered Colton. "You should be glad that Eleanor is there to get the dinner."

"But Uncle Henry is frightfully superstitious," reminded Mrs. Colton "It's bad enough that you can't come and that my own sister must stay away to get the dinner, and we'll have to tell him that she is out of town, but when we ask him to sit at a table with twelve others—Bob, you must send out some one. Can't that nice looking bookkeeper come?"

"On his vacation but I'll get some one. Don't worry, Vida."

Colton hung the receiver on the hook, and Mrs. Colton beamed as she turned from the instrument. Bob was dependable, and that worry was off her mind.

It was the first dinner party in the new home, and her uncle was to be the guest of honor. It had seemed hoodooed from the start. First Colton had been compelled to remain in town to attend an important conference of the trade and could not possibly get out.

Her sister, Eleanor Norris, had been called into service to replace the cook who had left, declaring that she would see her employer and the guests separately and individually condemned before she would cook for eighteen persons, and then at the last moment the Nelsons had sent regrets, cutting the number at table down to the thirteen abhorrent to Uncle Henry, from whom the Coltons had "expectations."

Vida had noticed that her husband's bookkeeper was an extremely good looking young fellow, and she had telephoned Colton to send him out. Probably he would send out the bookkeeper's relief, and Vida gave no more thought to the matter save to offer up a fervent supplication that his table manners should be good.

The others had arrived when there was a ring at the bell, and in her anxiety Mrs. Colton herself rushed to the door. A tall, clean cut young man stood at the entrance, and at his inquiring "Mrs. Colton?" Vida fairly dragged him across the hall and into the dining room, where she carefully closed the door.

"I'm awfully sorry," she began. "Mr. Colton asked you to come out because we wanted to avoid thirteen at the table. But it happens that a Mr. Grimsby could not come either, and so now you would make the thirteenth."

"I see," he said, with a light laugh "Then I'll head back for town."

"I couldn't let you do that," cried Vida, with a gasp. "There is no train until 9:57. You will not get to town until almost 11. You must stay here and have some dinner. I'm sure you won't mind eating in the laundry."

"I'd rather like it," was the genial response. "If you will indicate the general direction I'll head that way and let you get back to your guests."

Vida pointed to the door to the butler's pantry. "Go through there and tell them who you are," she directed; then she hurried back to the waiting diners. Her uncle was standing by the door.

"Was that another guest?" he demanded uneasily.

"Just a helper that Bob sent out from town," she explained glibly, and Uncle Henry breathed a sigh of relief.

"I'm rather glad that Bob was detained in town," he said. "It will prevent there being thirteen at the table. I'm not superstitious, but I know of two cases where there were thirteen at the table, and each time one died before the year was out. I'm getting to be an old man, Vida, and, while I'm not superstitious about it—well, it's just as well not to tempt fate."

Vida smiled her understanding of the case, and as Norah appeared in the doorway to announce that dinner was served, they all filed out.

Vida sustained a shock of surprise when she saw the man her husband had sent out standing ready to serve, but his face was as impassive as though he had been a butler and not a bookkeeper all his life, and it was with a little flutter of pride that Vida realized that the local guests would suppose that they had imported a butler from town for the occasion.

The dinner passed off splendidly. The butler acquitted himself with the greatest credit, and Eleanor did her cooking school training full justice.

Before the coffee was served Uncle Henry was whispering to his niece that he was going to make her a present of the house for Christmas and attend himself to some details of decoration.

Vida had hoped to lead him to the subject of new rugs, and this voluntary promise delighted her. As she led the way back to the parlor she fairly radiated delight.

It was some time before she could manage to slip away from her uncle and she was just about to go to the kitchen to see how Eleanor was getting along when Norah, the maid, poked her head cautiously between the curtains and made a signal that she wanted to see her mistress.

"I think you'd better come out in the kitchen, ma'am," she whispered. "That strange man and Miss Eleanor do be carrying on something awful. He kissed her when he thought my back was turned, but I saw them in the silver tray. They've been at it ever since he came."

"He is annoying Miss Eleanor?" asked Vida correctingly. It was out of the question that Eleanor should enjoy his attentions.

"Divil a bit she's annoyed," insisted Norah. "She likes it."

With dignified tread Mrs. Colton moved toward the kitchen and threw open the door. Her sister was wiping a huge platter, and the bookkeeper had taken advantage of her plight to steal another kiss. As Vida appeared in the doorway the platter went crashing to the floor.

"I'll buy you a whole set, Vida," cried Eleanor penitently.

"The loss of the china is immaterial," was the austere reply. "What does this—er—flirtation mean?"

The man advanced toward her, with glowing face.

"It means that I've found my little girl again, Mrs. Colton, and this time I've captured her before she could run away, as she did from Newport."

"It's Dick Hempstead," enlightened Eleanor. "Bob sent him out instead of the new bookkeeper, and I just had to say 'Yes' to atone for the cavalier fashion in which you hustled him into the kitchen."

"But he didn't tell me"— began Vida.

"You didn't give me a chance, or perhaps I gave you none. Bob told me that Eleanor was to be the cook, and I was only too glad to come. I have not seen Bob since he was married, and I did not know that he had married Eleanor's sister, or you would have seen me out here before."

"And you want to get married!" exclaimed Mrs. Colton. "What will Uncle Henry say?"

"He'll say 'Yes,'" declared Hempstead, "or at any rate he should. Didn't I save him from the thirteen hoodoo?"

"I suppose that will help some," admitted Vida. "Anyway, I'm glad you two are to be married, for with Eleanor to cook and you to be butler I shan't be afraid of any more dinner parties, only when there are but thirteen at the table."

"To save the day as well as Uncle Henry," completed Hempstead.

Amending a Picture.

An eminent French art collector once bought at the Hotel Drouot a landscape by a noted "impressionist," which he showed, with much pride in his purchase, to an artist friend.

"But I think," quoth he, "that the picture lacks animation; it wants personages. Now, if you would paint for me a man or woman on that road that runs through the middle of the landscape it would greatly improve the picture."

"That is easily done," said the artist. So he carried off the painting and sent it back in a week or two with the figure of an old peasant woman going to market, with her basket and her red umbrella, introduced on the road in question, to the great satisfaction of the picture's proprietor. Meeting shortly after with the "impressionist" who had painted it, the artist remarked:

"I had the audacity to alter a landscape of yours belonging to M. X., the other day. I painted an old peasant woman walking down the road."

"Down the road? I remember no work of mine with a road in it. I should like to see the picture and judge of the effect of your alteration."

So the artist carried him off to M. X.'s, and they speedily stood before the landscape. The "impressionist" turned perfectly green with wrath and horror.

"Miserable man," he shouted, "what have you done? That is not a road that runs through the center of my work. It is a river!"—Exchange.

The Baseball Umpire.

"That gentleman who is to umpire the game today is an old friend of mine," said the mild mannered baseball fan to his neighbor as they sat leaning forward in the grand stand. "He's one of the squarest and finest of men. Yes, sir, he's as nice a fel— Say, watch the graceful attitude of our first batter! He's got his eye with him today, too, for see how he lets this first bad one go. What did the umpire call that?"

"A strike," replied his neighbor.

"Now, what do you think of that? Ball went a mile wide of the plate! Well, umpires will make mistakes. I've seen"—

At this juncture a crack rent the air, and the ball sailed on a line toward the left field fence. The mild mannered man was on his feet in a jiffy.

"Oh, what a swat! Run, run like the dickens! Go on and make it a homer! Look at that cuss go, will you? Make it— What's that?"

"The umpire called it a foul!"

"A foul? He's crazy! Say, Mr. Umpire, put on your glasses. A foul! Say, man, you're the limit! Throw him out! Go lay down somewhere, umpire! You're rotten! Rotten! Rotten!"

And in his disgust the mild mannered fan slapped his derby hat down on the seat and sat on it.—Bohemian.

Pleasant, sure, easy, safe little liver Pills, are DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

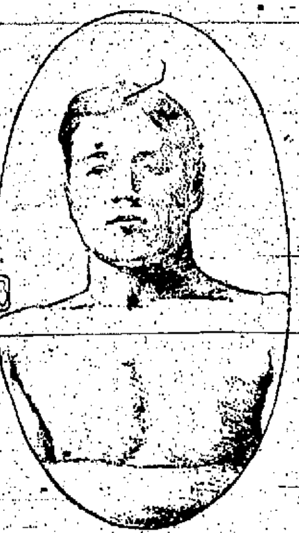
Bruises, scratches, sores and burns that other things have failed to cure will heal quickly and completely when you use DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
one year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

The SPORTING WORLD

Papke Has Made $38,000.

Up to date Billy Papke, the middleweight champion, has made $38,000 out of the boxing business and there is a great deal more coming to him. He has another contest with Stanley



BILLY PAPKE, MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION.

Ketchel, which takes place at San Francisco Nov. 25, which will no doubt bring in $5,000 more.

After his contest with Ketchel Papke intends to take a long rest. With this sum of money safely tucked away no one blames him for taking the rest.

Baseball's Greatest Season.

The greatest baseball season in the history of the major leagues has just closed, 7,246,354 persons seeing the combined games of the National and American leagues. These figures are computed after careful compilation and obtained from each individual city. For the first time since 1901, the first year of the invasion of the east by the American league, the Nationals outdrew their rivals. The grand total of the National league was 3,634,988, while the American drew 3,611,366, showing 23,622 difference in the National's favor. In 1907 the American league outdrew the National by 630,971, which shows an increase for the old league of 807,195. The American league showed an increase of 212,662 over 1907.

Reds' Roster For Cuban Trip.

The Cincinnati Nationals' trip to Cuba will be a big boost for the national game in that country, it being the first National league team to go there in fact, and the result of their twelve games will be watched with great interest by all American lovers of the game. The makeup of the Cuban Reds will be Spade, Dubuc, Campbell, pitchers; McLean, Bearce, catchers; Hoblitzel, first base; Huggins, second base; Hulswitt, shortstop; Lobert, third base; Captain Kane, left field; Spade or Dubuc, center field; Mitchell, right field; J. C. Bancroft, manager. The players realize they have to play some strong teams and will do all in their power to come home undefeated.

Pittsburg's $1 000,000 Ball Field.

A deal involving about $1,000,000 was consummated in Pittsburg recently by Barney Dreyfuss, president of the Pittsburg baseball club, whereby the club secures a site of seven acres of ground at the entrance to Schenley park to be used as an athletic field. It is planned to have stands with a seating capacity of 25,000, making it the largest sheltered stand park in the country. The park will not be completed at the opening of the baseball season next year, but Mr. Dreyfuss expects to have the National league games played there after the middle of June.

Burns Will Win, Says Jeffries.

The prize ring sports are beginning to talk about the coming Burns-Johnson fight in Australia. The best opinion is that Burns will add the scalp of the big negro to his belt when the battle is over. The opinion expressed by Jim Jeffries about sizes up the judgment of the eastern sports. Jeffries says: "I think that it will be a great fight, and I look to Burns being returned the winner. He is too clever, too strong and too courageous for the black fellow. Burns is better than he is given credit for being."

Ranji Will Play Cricket.

The jam sahib of Nawanagar, better known as Prince Ranjitsinhji, the famous cricketer, has definitely decided to resign his recently acquired throne in favor of his popular nephew, K. C. Davisinghi, who is the son of the jam's elder brother. The reason for the jam's resignation lies in the fact that he has lived so long in England that the ruling of his small kingdom in India bores him, and he prefers to stay in England and play cricket.

Austria Gets Two Trotters.

I. Schlessinger of Vienna, Austria, turfman and breeder, recently bought from Frank Curres of Lexington, Ky., the twelve-year-old stallion Shadeland Fustalear, 2:09¼, by Cullercoast Fanta, by Sidney, for $10,000. He also purchased the three-year-old bay filly Janie Hudson, by Nervolo, for $2,500. The stallion has been shipped to Australia.

Tannehill May Quit White Sox.

It is rumored in Chicago that Lee Tannehill may not be with the Chicago Americans next season. The blond third sacker is not in love with the way he has been treated this season as to salary and in numerous other things by Comiskey and has planned to leave the game for good and all.

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

The Crystal Ball.

By Philip Kean.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"The trouble with me," Antoinette announced, "is that I am too commonplace."

Charmian laughed. "You funny little thing!"

"I haven't any individuality," Antoinette insisted. "I dance pretty well and sing a little. I have a fairly good complexion. I know how to do my hair, but when other girls scintillate I'm in the shadow. What I need is to be different."

"What you need is to be your own dear self," Charmian stated. "Everybody loves you."

"Everybody doesn't," Antoinette contradicted. "At least"— She stopped suddenly.

"Well, Dickie does," Charmian teased. "You know you are the only girl in the world to Dickie Beveridge, and Dickie's the salt of the earth."

"Oh, Dickie!" Antoinette flared. "Dickie's as insignificant as I am. He has a nice little figure and a nice little way of saying things, but there isn't anything great or grand about him."

"Who wants to be great or grand?" Charmian questioned.

"I do." Antoinette sat up among the pink couch cushions. "I want to be distinctive, Charmian."

"In what way?" Charmian's eyes were smiling as she lounged in the big chair by the open fire, for the October days were cool.

"Well, like you, for example," Antoinette said—"your red-gold hair and your gray eyes and your black lashes and your way of wearing things. Now, what would I look like in that black kimono you have on? With its gold figures it gives you an atmosphere of mystery—like a seeress or something."

Charmian laughed again. "Dear girl," she said, "it's much better to be a woman than a seeress."

"That's all very well for you to say," Antoinette grumbled. "You have a voice like a siren."

"Oh, Toinette," Charmian protested, "a seeress and a siren! I'd so much rather be just a woman and lovable and precious like you."

Antoinette dimpled and then sighed "But I'm not lovable to everybody."

Charmian reached over and took one of the small, plump hands in hers. "Now, who is that sigh for, baby?" she demanded. "And who doesn't love you?"

"Otis Singleton," said Antoinette unexpectedly.

Charmian's eyes returned to the fire with an unfathomable expression.

"So it is Otis Singleton?" she said softly.

"Yes," Antoinette nodded. "I think he is perfectly fine, Charmian. But he doesn't pay a particle of attention to me. And I am positively tongue tied when I try to talk to him. Do you feel that way?"

Charmian smiled inscrutably. "Not exactly," she murmured.

"Of course you don't," Antoinette went on. "You're not commonplace, and I am not going to be any more. I am going to create an atmosphere. Otis is interested in occult things, and there's that crystal ball that father brought from India."

She rose, crossed to a table and brought back the translucent sphere which gave out opal flashes as it caught the autumn sunlight.

"Father says the queer men over there used to gaze in it," Antoinette explained, "and tell what had been and what would be."

"How strange!" said Charmian, handling it curiously.

"I am going to fit up the den," Antoinette recited as she flung herself once more among the cushions, "with dark, mysterious hangings, with a dado of peacock feathers, and a bust of Pallas over the door, and a black cat on the hearth, and I'm going to dress myself in a smoke colored gown, with a snake bracelet, and I'm going to put the crystal ball in the middle of my teakwood table and tell fortunes. And after awhile everybody will say, 'How interesting!' and then I won't feel so insignificant, and perhaps Otis will come, and—now, Charmian, what's the matter?"

For the other girl was laughing uncontrollably.

"Oh, you funny child!" she gasped.

"It's not a laughing matter," Antoinette reproved her. She reached over and took the crystal ball from her friend and gazed into it. "It shows me a great singer crowned with laurels," she said.

Charmian snatched the ball from her. "Don't," she cried; "don't prophesy fame for me! Tell me of a future of love and marriage and home. I've been so lonely all my life."

The young girl laid her cheek against that of her friend. "But you know I love her, Charmian," she said.

"You precious child!" was the grateful response, and after that there was a long silence.

Then Antoinette said, "But I'm going to fix up the den, and I'm going to invite Otis Singleton."

"Better invite Dickie," Charmian urged.

"I shall never invite Dickie again," Antoinette stated. "He always asks me to marry him."

"And are you sure you don't love him—sure?" The older girl's gaze was compelling.

"Well," Antoinette hesitated, "I do like Dickie, Charmian, but when I think what a commonplace couple we would make"—

"You would make a dear couple," Charmian stated, "and your laughter and brightness are not for such men as Otis Singleton."

"Why not?"

"Otis needs a woman who has suffered as he has suffered. He has had a hard life and a lonely one—a life like mine, Antoinette." She caught herself up quickly and glanced at her friend. But Antoinette was absorbed in her plans.

"Anyhow, I'm going to invite him and read his fortune in the crystal ball. Who knows but he will find his fate?" And she flew up to her own room to dress.

All the week that followed Antoinette was busy transforming the den into an abode of black art, Charmian, watching somewhat wistfully, made invaluable suggestions.

"I shall never fit into it as you would," Antoinette said one morning despairingly. "I'm too chubby. I hate that word, Charmian, but it fits me. And it fits Dickie Beveridge. He proposed again last night, and he looked like a little fat Cupid, oh, dear!" And she smiled ruefully.

"Marry him," was Charmian's prompt suggestion, "and don't think any more of Otis Singleton."

"But Otis is so fine and splendid," Antoinette protested.

"Yes, he is fine and splendid," Charmian repeated, and something in her tone made Antoinette stare.

"Oh, my goodness!" she said to herself later as she fed the black cat on the hearth to get her accustomed to her new environment. "Goodness, I came near making an awful mistake. And, after all, I simply couldn't live without Dickie."

So she sent for him that very afternoon, and he came, beaming.

"Do you really mean what you said over the telephone," he demanded—"that you'll marry me, Antoinette?"

Antoinette nodded. "I've been a little goose, Dickie," she said briefly as she let him hold the tips of her fingers, "and now I want to talk about Charmian."

Two heads being better than one Antoinette emerged from the interview radiant.

"Your brains aren't chubby if your body is," was the praise she bestowed upon Dickie, "and I never should have thought of that way of bringing them together."

"He loves her desperately," Dickie said, "but he thinks she is wedded to her career. He told me once that he wouldn't dare ask such a woman to share his moderate income."

"And she is longing to share it, only, of course, a woman has to wait until a man asks her. Oh, well"—and Antoinette sniffed on her chubby squire ecstatically—"oh, well, Dickie, we shall see what we shall see!"

Two nights later Otis Singleton, coming into the transformed den, with an amused smile curving his lips, found a small, plump seeress in smoke colored crape, with jade ornaments at her neck and on her wrists, presiding over the crystal ball, which was mounted on a silver dragon.

"So this is the new fad," he said as he seated himself.

Antoinette shook her head at him. "It's not a fad," she said. "This crystal ball has told me some things lately that have almost made me shiver, and the role of prophetess has been forced upon me."

Otis threw his head back and laughed heartily. "Antoinette, you are a glorious little fraud," he said, "but that ball is wonderful." And he reached out his hand to take it.

But Antoinette's white hands waved him back.

"Let me read what it says," she murmured softly, "and you will think it still more wonderful."

Otis lounged in his big chair lazily.

"Proceed," he said, then teasingly, "Have you told Dickie's fortune?"

Antoinette nodded. "Dickie is to marry a plump blond on the 14th of December, and he is to live happy ever after."

Otis sat up and stared.

"By Jove, you don't mean that you've really said 'Yes' at last?" he gasped.

Antoinette smiled. "I see that you recognize the small, plump blond," she murmured.

Then for a time she was silent, gazing into the depths of the crystal ball. At last her voice came faintly. "I see a woman in white"—

"Blond or brunette?" skeptically.

"She is neither fair nor dark," went on the voice. "Her hair is a crown of red gold, and she is very tall. At her feet is a wreath of laurel."

All the indifference had left Singleton's face. "Charmian," he breathed.

"Now the crystal is clouded," the voice went on, "but in the dimness I can still see the shadowy figure in white. She tramples on the laurel wreath, but her hand is on her heart She seems to say, 'I want not fame, but love.'"

Otis' hand came down heavily over the ball. "You are making it up," he accused.

The little lady's eyes met his steadily "I am not making it up."

"You mean that it is true?"

"As true as that Dickie and I are going to be married, Otis."

So seriously did she say it that Singleton stood up with a quick laugh of resolution. "Where is she?" he demanded.

"In the library," said Antoinette. "But, oh, Otis, if she should ever guess how I told your fortune!"

"She shan't guess," he said. "I'll tell her you saw money bags and a rich widow"—

And with that he was gone, while the seeress in smoke color flew down the hall to hunt up her chubby cherub

"And, oh, Dickie," she said as they took refuge in the breakfast room, "I expect she's saying 'Yes' this very minute!"

"And all because of the crystal ball," was Dickie's comment as he folded her in his fond embrace.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

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St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday, and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

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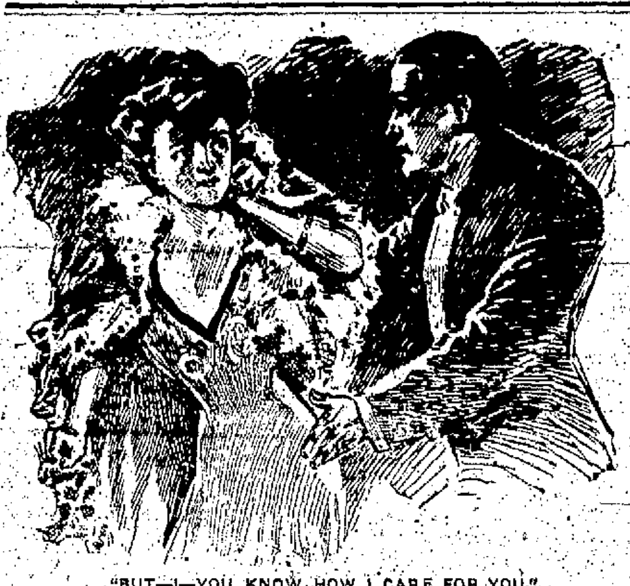

"BUT—I—YOU KNOW HOW I CARE FOR YOU."

THROUGH FIRE

By

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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In New York, the wine of prosperity ran in the streets, and the intoxication of audacious adventure saturated the air. Lean years and their lessons were forgotten; the talk was all of making and spending large sums of money. The market places were yielding rich spoils, which were being poured out for new and grander palaces, for pictures and statuary and tapestries, for splendid entertainments, and for equipages, gowns, and jewels. "Out-of-town" people stood agape before the endless panorama of prodigal luxury.

This was the hour chosen by Fate for an ironic blow at Garlan and Company. Young Garlan, the senior partner by inheritance, had foreseen the coming good times. He cast aside the maxims of prudence on which his father built up the great firm. Dragging his disheveled but exhilarated older partners with him, he ventured boldly. In his overconfidence he miscalculated; and what should have been a dazzling success proved a hopeless failure.

He was on his way up Fifth avenue to play his last card. If he could tide over the next five days, he would win, and the stock certificates and bonds on the seat of the carriage beside him would be worth three millions, at least; if not, they would be worth several hundred thousand less than nothing at all. Surely old Masham would see the advantages of "tiding him over"—if not as a business proposition, then, certainly, as a matter of sentiment. It seemed absurd to think of sentiment in connection with the coldest as well as richest money-lender in New York; but was not Frederick Masham Garlan his namesake? Had not his father and Masham been "Nat" and "Joe" together in the village up on the Canadian border? Had they not come to New York together and for half a century fought side by side, or back to back, as the posture of the battle made expedient?

After announcing himself and being seated in the cheerless, looking hall, he heard old Masham's voice—it came from above with a fateful, sepulchral echo, and said: "H'm! That young gambler!—show him up."

"I've brought some securities on which I wish to borrow half a million." Garlan tried to keep despair and desperation out of his voice. He extended the bundle toward Masham.

Masham looked sourly at him for several seconds before reaching out his yellow, claw-like hand. He ran his eyes over the titles. "Securities?" he sneered, handing them back; "you may call them securities, but I call them dead cats. Not a penny! Is that all?"

Garlan's face was gray, his lips purple, and there were deep circles under his eyes. He stood there, young and straight, with imagination and sentiment as well as shrewdness and boldness, and sensitiveness also, in the lines of his features. So crushed was he that the insult made no impression upon him. "I must have the money, or we are ruined," he said. "You know that, in any other than the extraordinary circumstances of the moment, I could easily realize on these. You know that, within a week, they will be worth more than their face."

"Ruined, eh?" Masham's voice was hard and triumphant. For two years he had been prophesying ruin for young Garlan, and he felt and showed the pious joy of a vindicated prophet. "Ruined, eh? I thought so; and you want me to foot the bills of your little fling." His dry, crackling laugh was as sure and merciless in its reach as the knife of a skilled vivisectionist.

Garlan's athletic shoulders drooped. He was staring over the old man's head into a black abyss. He felt the ground sinking beneath his feet. He tried to wet his dry lips with his dry tongue. Then he succeeded in articulating the words that cut into the very heart of his pride—"For my father's sake."

Masham lifted himself in his chair and began shrieking at him. "For your father's sake? You impudent young puppy! If your father were here, he'd be the first man to indorse what I'm doin'. You've sinned away yer day o' grace. An' ye don't get none o' my hard-earned money to throw after yer father's fortune an' his name—yes, you young spendthrift, an' my name too."

The old man's English returned to the dialect of his youth as his temper rose. Garlan quivered, and drew himself up haughtily. "You are insulting! I have disgraced no one, sir."

"No—I don't suppose you do call it disgrace. [illegible] what is disgrace, I want to know, if bankruptcy ain't, if wastefulness ain't, if squanderin' other people's money, an' gamblin' an' high livin' ain't? You, with your score of houses an' [illegible] that there wife o' yourn [illegible] about in the papers, [illegible] her jewels an' diamonds [illegible]. No, I don't suppose either one o' you calls it disgrace."

Garlan [illegible] from the room to escape from the [illegible] to his wife, and heard the [illegible] as he was descending. "Yet," at the foot of the stairs, [illegible] of his situation swept over him [illegible], debating whether or not to return and make one [illegible] effort. "It's no use," he decided, and pride had no part in the conclusion.

He entered his carriage, and it whirled up the avenue.

Arriving home he locked himself in his study—immediately behind the small reception room to the left, on the entrance floor. At eight, he had part of the dinner brought to him; at half past eight, he rang for the servants to take away the tray. Then he resumed his "work"—toiling [illegible] at a turmoil of memories and forebodings, wandering aimlessly and drearily from might-have-beens to must-bes and back again. The burden of it all was how to tell her, how she would "take" it, and what could he done for or with her in that impossible hereafter. He had not given her or permitted her to get the slightest hint of what was coming. Poverty for himself was tragic enough. Poverty for her—or anything but luxury that would leave no fancy ungratified—was unthinkable.

Toward nine o'clock there was a faint knock. He recognised it, but did not answer. "Usually she goes away when I pretend not to hear," he said to himself. But the knock came again—timid, yet persistent. "Perhaps she suspects—has heard something somewhere." He felt that it would be a relief for her to begin the talk he was dreading and postponing. He opened the door. "You?" he exclaimed feigning surprise.

"Yes—may I come in—for a moment only?" asked his wife, advancing into the room.

"What can I do for you?" As he asked the question, it flashed into his mind that old Masham's way of beginning a conversation had become his own. He had not thought of this before—and yet he used it even toward his wife.

"I don't want anything," she said, impatiently; "at least"—with a smile—"only a compliment. How do you like me in your present?" she inquired turning round and round to exhibit the beautiful wrap of chiffon lined with ermine that enswathed her from neck to heels.

"It is very becoming," he said, in a strained, absent voice. She thought his mind was on his business, but he was thinking of her—fragile, yet healthy, her skin clear and dark, her features, especially her eyes and forehead, sensitive and intelligent. The blue veins showed in a faint, fascinating tracery on her cheeks, shoulders, and bosom. "A typical product of luxury, utterly unfit for adversity," he said to himself, sick at heart. "Only a hothouse could produce or preserve such a plant. She will pine, she will die—and die hating me."

There was an uneasy silence. He longed for her to go. He was still standing near the door, and said: "Won't you be very late for the opera?" But she threw back her wrap and seated herself.

She shrugged her shoulders. "What does it matter? It bores me to think of going, almost as much as it bores me to think of sitting at home alone. It seems to me that life is a terribly silly and tiresome farce. There is either nothing to do or something that seems worse than nothing. Everything looks so well and tastes so flat, or bitter! But I suppose you don't understand or sympathize—you have your work, your career, your great projects and triumphs."

He winced, and on the pretext of lighting a cigarette, moved where she could not see his face.

"Busy—always busy!" she interrupted, holding out her wrap to him. "You have time for everybody except your friends—and your wife." As he put the wrap about her shoulders and kissed her gently on the hair, she turned and looked up at him. "Won't you come?" she pleaded. "I need you this evening; and, if you will, I'll cut the supper at Mrs. Preston's and come home with you."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. The very idea of facing all those people in the opera house gave him a shock. "Go and enjoy yourself while you can."

A reckless look came into her eyes. "Good night," she said. "Don't forget—you wouldn't come, though I begged you. Good night. I'm going where I'm welcome."

Alone again, he turned down the lights and threw himself on the divan against the folding doors that separated the study from the reception room. His brain was aching, and pain and weariness throbbed through his veins to every part of his body. He lay for an hour or more without motion, and then fell asleep. He was awakened by voices heard faintly but clearly through the thick door between him and the reception room.

"But—I—you know how I care for you—more than anyone else—so much that I think only of you—" It was a man's voice, Morrill's. He had been at the house a great deal of late.

"Harriette—dear!" At these words, uttered by Morrill in a tone that certainly seemed sincere, Garlan made ready to leap up and drive him from the house; but he sank back, as his wife replied:

"I suppose I ought to silence you or send you away. But—I wonder—do you really care? No, I don't want you to protest. But, oh, I don't know what I want."

"You're everything to me. It breaks my heart to have you so lonely and sad. I know you've never felt or received real love—the love that the [illegible] that is always about one like air. Had you shown anyone else ("I'm 'anyone else,'" thought Garlan, in a fury at the youth and ardor and conviction in Morrill's voice) even what you've shown me of your true self, I should never have had the chance—for it is a chance, isn't it?"

"I—I don't know. I think not." Harriette spoke regretfully, as if she wished she could say that she thought 'yes.'

"There is a chance," insisted Morrill. "I shall wait and hope and try to deserve you; and I shall win you! I want to make you happy—honorably happy."

"Happy?" she interrupted, and her voice was so sad that it arrested her husband's rising anger. "If I could believe that, or half of it! I thought once before that I was to be happy, for I was promised happiness just as faithfully as you seem to be promising it now. Don't think I blame anyone. ("I'm 'anyone,'" thought Garlan.) for I don't. It must be my temperament—or something else. All I know is that I'm so bored all the time, and miserable most of the time, that I think I must fly!"

"I can and will make you happy." Morrill spoke with enthusiasm. "Free yourself, Harriette! A year—less, even—and you can be free; free to start life again. No matter what you decide to do afterwards, you owe it to yourself to free yourself. You cannot, you ought not, to live on in this way."

Poverty for Her.

A train of thought, like powder on fire, flashed across Garlan's mind. I'm ruined. She will desert me; and why not? What right have I to hold her back. It is all my fault—all—all!" He realized that, while he had been deceiving himself into believing he did not look to her in this crisis, he in reality had been relying upon her—her love, her sympathy—as the last, but the strong bulwark between him and utter despair. It seemed to him, that there was an explosion in his head, as if the fiery powder-train had touched the great central magazine. He gave a loud cry and became unconscious.

When he returned to his senses, he again heard voices—his wife's and Morrill's. But the voices were near him and the room was flooded with light.

"I say, go!" his wife was commanding.

"And I say, I will not," Morrill replied. "I must bear it with you. It was my fault. Besides why should I sneak away? I am neither ashamed nor afraid."

Garlan drew himself to a sitting position, and, with his handkerchief wiped away the dampness of the cold water that had been put on his forehead. "You are right," he said, gently, to Morrill; "stay! There is no cause for shame or fear to anyone here—except—me." Then he turned to his wife. "Will you leave us? Don't think I'm reproaching you. A few weeks ago—yes, a few days ago, I should have—have—but no matter. Please leave me, until to-morrow, won't you?" He got upon his feet a little unsteadily.

She came near him and looked up at him anxiously, very pale and wide-eyed. "Frederick—you don't believe that I—I—"

"No, dear; no." He smiled, sadly. "Indeed I don't. I would have trusted you, I do trust you, absolutely." He lifted her right hand to his lips and led her to the door.

Morrill nerved himself for a storm; he felt that Garlan had been merely displaying unusual capacity for self-control. "What an influence she must have over him," he thought, "that he is able to restrain himself!" When she had gone, Garlan, who had been looking after her down the hall, closed the door, and, with his face still inscrutable, said: "Be seated, please. You'll find cigars and cigarettes at your elbow."

"Thanks, no," said Morrill, and he waited for the other to begin.

"I shan't detain you long," Garlan began. "I merely wish to reassure myself about you." He studied Morrill's face carefully and calmly. "I've always had a good opinion of you," he went on, "and, listening to you a few minutes ago"—this with a trace of irony in his cold voice—"I got a still more favorable impression, not of you, but of your sincerity. My wife encouraged you, and I drove my wife away from me. As you've seen during the last few months—and I must say you showed it plainly in your face all along—I've been a very poor excuse of a husband."

Morrill shifted uneasily in his chair. Had Garlan gone mad?

"I see you don't understand," Garlan continued. "The point is that I am a ruined man. To-morrow we go into bankruptcy—a ghastly wreck. I do not wish my wife to suffer on my account. I had the chance with her but I threw it away. To be brief, I propose to free her."

"But she will never desert you in these circumstances!" Morrill exclaimed.

Garlan looked at him coldly. "I propose to free her," he repeated.

Morrill looked at him in a puzzled way. Suddenly he grew pale. "You don't mean—" he said slowly.

Garlan seemed not to have heard him. "If it should ever happen," he went on, in a monotonous voice, looking straight ahead of him, "that you should happen to have the chance to make some woman happy, I hope, for your own sake as well as for hers, you won't forget this lesson. The time may come, the time will come, when all the material things, the things men most value and seek, will fall to pieces, when you will turn for support to the things that have seemed weak and small, the sentimental things to which, it may be, in your pride and arrogance, you have thought yourself superior. When that crisis shall come—and it comes to every man, sooner or later—if you heed this lesson, you may find what I reach out my hands for—in vain. If you do not, you'll have only yourself to blame."

Morrill's eyes filled with tears. "You seem much older than I to-night," he said, "but you're not; and I can't help saying that I don't think you ought to let yourself be crushed by this one blow. Other men have failed and recovered. You will recover and be stronger and better than ever before."

"You are very kind." Garlan's sarcasm was not concealed. "And now, I shall not detain you any longer."

He accompanied Morrill to the front door. "Good night!" he said.

"One moment, please!" Morrill spoke earnestly, impulsively. "It's she; what you overheard, I'm sure. I must say it; it's only honorable that I should. I'm convinced, now, by a thousand things I didn't think important before, that she has never cared and never could care for me, but that it's you she cares for; that it's been your neglect—"

"Good night!" Garlan shut the door sharply.

When back in his study, the young man locked the door and dropped into a chair near the fire. Hope? Recovery? With everything he and she had lived for since childhood swept away? Impossible. He had played the game and lost. He had manhood enough, surely, not to stake his wife—his wife who was longing to be free. When she knew the truth concerning him, learned of the bankruptcy, the destruction of the great name his father had built up, the wiping out of the great fortune, and that nothing was left but a long and bitter struggle in poverty and obscurity—

He was interrupted by a knock at the door. How well he knew it! How many times he had answered its timid insistence with an impatient, almost discourteous, intimation that he did not wish to be disturbed. He turned, opened his lips to answer, sighed, and turned again to the fire. The knock came once more, and, after an interval, a third time. A long pause ensued and then he heard a faint rustling, as of a woman moving reluctantly, and steps and silence.

"Masham was right," he reflected, "except about her. It's all my fault—vanity, folly, stupidity." He went to his desk and drew out the top drawer as far as possible. From the last compartment he took a pistol.

"Why not?" he said. "Yes—it is the sensible way. Everyone will approve, and the whole score will be wiped out. And—I shall not have to tell her—to see her."

At this, he put the pistol back into the drawer. "It would be sheer cowardice to do it to-night," he said. "But to-morrow—"

At nine o'clock, the next morning, he telephoned to his partners that he could not join them at the wreck until noon. It was half past ten when his wife came down, dressed for a drive, her maid following her with her furs, and the butler and two footmen waiting in the hall with lap-robes and extra wraps and foot-warmers and carriage boots. Harriette always drove in a victoria, no matter how cold it might be.

"May I drive with you?" he said, coming suddenly from his study.

She was pale and worn, but at sight of him her face brightened. "Why!" I inquired early this morning, and they told me you had gone."

"I did not wish you to be disturbed," he said. "You are not well—I can see that; perhaps the drive will do you good." His manner and tone were gentle and most friendly, but she could not decide whether he was sincere or was feigning for the benefit of the servants.

They drove up the east side to Central park and halfway back without

He Kissed Her Again.

speech, beyond a few commonplaces. As they neared the Fifty-ninth street entrance, he said to the coachman: "Home, John!" then to her, in a low voice, "I have some news, some very bad news, indeed. I can spare you—or, rather, myself—no longer."

She looked at him appealingly, but, before she could speak, he added: "It concerns—myself—my own affairs. Only I—I—it will be a surprise to you. But I will tell you when we are in the house."

As the carriage stopped at their door, a boy with a bundle of papers went by, shouting: "Extree! Garlan and Company's big smash!"

She had just risen from the seat. She fell back into it. The servants, amazed, terrified by that stentorian shout, had eyes only for the boy.

"My dear—remember!" Garlan's voice was gentle and calm. It reminded her, at once, that the world was watching. She recovered herself instantly, and smiled brightly at him. "Buy a paper, Frederick," she said. "No, let one of the servants bring it." Then she walked up the steps as unconcernedly as if the routine of her life were undisturbed.

Frederick waited at the door while the butler bought the paper. A crazy-looking man with long ragged whiskers, paused and shook his fist at the group—the servants in livery surrounding the tall, distinguished young ex-millionaire. "Look at him! Look at the impudence of him!" shrieked the "crank" to the gathering crowd. "There he is—the robber—the trampler of the poor—the miserable Wall street gambler and thief! See his carriage and all these pampered menials. Bah!"—and he showed his teeth and shook his fists in fantastic fury.

The crowd laughed. "Go it, old man!" shouted one—"soak him!" The newsboy, scenting business, redoubled his cries. "All about it! Only one cent! Here's yer ux-tree!"

Garlan entered his door and the servants closed it. He was calm, but they were so unnerved that they dropped in succession his hat, coat and gloves. He went into his study, where his wife was waiting.

"Is that the news?" she began, her tone as if the door were still open and the servants listening.

"Yes." He glanced at the huge, black headlines—"A Two-Million-Dollar Smash!" etc., etc., then tossed the paper on the table. "The newspapers anticipated me." He threw himself into a chair. "Ruin!" he said; "it's all gone—everything—everything."

"All?"

"Yes—all. If I start again, it must be from the bottom—no, below it. There'll be several hundred thousands of debts; but, thank God, it's fixed so that no one except me will be smashed."

"You'd be sure to see to that."

He looked at her, wondering at her tranquil tone. "Of course it's only words to her," he thought. "She doesn't—in—the—least—understand, yet." Then he began to talk slowly, much as if he were explaining an intricate matter to a child. "It's not easy to tell you. You'll have to give up all—this—except, of course, your personal effects, and your property that I had charge of. I took it out of the business as soon as I saw there was an uncertainty."

"But I thought you said everything was gone."

He flushed. "And so it is. But—I didn't mean that I'd been speculating with your money. There isn't any dishonor—"

"Didn't you put back my share, too?"

"How could I?" He looked away and grew red. "That's hypocrisy," he said. "I might as well make a clean breast of it. Night before last, I was down there, going over everything, and looking about for straws to clutch at. I thought of your box of securities, and I—I went into the safe, and—well, I opened the box and took them out. But I put them back again; and,—yesterday morning I got to thinking about it. I was a little afraid to trust myself, for the temptation might have come in stronger form. So I gave the box over to old Prawley, and he'll see that it's not disturbed."

"But—it would—" she hesitated, and seemed to be thinking deeply. Presently she went to her desk and seated herself. "You're sure you can do nothing to save us?" she said, her pen suspended over the paper.

He was staring gloomily at the floor. "Nothing; it's as I've told you. I've nothing left but the debts. The assignee's in charge by this time." He started up, trembling, impatient, looking wildly about. "But why am I here?" He could see in imagination, the offices—the crowd outside—the—the angry creditors—the partners, humiliated, apologetic, cursing him for deserting them. "I must go at once!" he exclaimed.

"Just a few minutes, please!" she pleaded, looking up from her writing. He sat again, and his mind wandered off in another direction. He could not understand her manner, her tone. Why did she not grasp the situation? It was unlike her to be thus slow. Why did not the reproaches, the tears, the exclamations of despair begin?

At length she finished, and rang for a servant. When he came, she said: "Take a cab—no, the elevated railroad, for it's quicker—and deliver these notes at once, please."

The servant hurried away, and she stood at the mantel, looking down at him. He glanced at her, when he became conscious of the intent gaze, and was amazed to see that she was smiling, not in madness or in folly, but with eyes that made her seem to him almost divine.

"No," she said, softly, "we're not ruined. You were mistaken."

He started up. Those notes? What had she done? In her ignorance of business, had she made some appeal that would put him in a false light? "What do you mean?" he demanded. "What have you done?"

"Oh—the notes!" she said, following his train of thought. "No—that is not what I mean. I haven't sent out any hysterical appeals for help. The notes were only to correct an error. I wrote Prawley to turn over, to whoever was in charge, the securities you put aside for me; and the other note was to the lawyer—very formal and business-like—giving directions to include my securities in the assets."

He looked at her, stupified. "Are you mad?" he asked. "It is not necessary; the law does not call for any such sacrifice." Then he seated himself at the telephone. "But I can save you," he said.

She laid her hand on his arm. "Don't!" she said, gently. The look in her eyes reminded him of the first time she had said to him, "I love you" [illegible] how he had thought that such sincerity and constancy had never before been expressed by human voice and human features. "There is a law," she went on, in a lively tone which only accentuated the seriousness of her words; "it isn't any of those silly old rigmaroles you men put in big, yellow-backed books. It's the law we try to live by—you and I. That law ordered me to do it, under the heaviest penalty known. Remember, we have failed."

"I have failed," he corrected, "and—"

"We have failed," she insisted, "and (She put her arms about his neck.) I'm glad of it!" She burst into tears, but they were not tears of sorrow.

He put her gently into a chair. "You are hysterical," he said, "and no wonder. I must not let you act on these impulses."

She dried her eyes. "Don't misunderstand, please. I am not a child. You used to say I was a remarkably intelligent woman. You used, not very long ago, to pretend to ask my advice about things. Now I'll tell you why I'm glad. Haven't I been wretched? Haven't you seen how empty my life was—full of everything I cared nothing about, empty of all I longed for, all I dreamed of—all we dreamed of once?"

"Yes—yes," he said.

"Don't you understand, dear? What has this—monster down-town been but my worst enemy? Hasn't it taken you away from me? Hasn't it made you force upon me a mode of life that revolted all my better instincts, that would have changed me finally into a cold, heartless, wretched creature, cut off from all the real joy there is in life? And I'm glad—glad—glad the monster is dead, is floating out of our lives like the great polluting, hideous thing that it is."

"Yes—yes," he repeated, looking at her eagerly.

"No, we're not ruined; we're saved."

"Saved?" He put his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes. The light he saw there soon began to dawn in his. "Are you sure?" he said. "Do you feel it deep down—as deep as the place it seems to be coming from in your eyes?"

"Saved!" she repeated. "Garlan and Company, down-town, has failed. But there's a new Garlan and Company, up-town. And I'm the 'Company.'"

He kissed her again and again. "No," he said, "but you are the senior partner."

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TRAINING HARRINGTON

By LULU JOHNSON

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Crisp and bracing was the morning as Harrington came on deck and he drew great drafts of the cool air down into his lungs assuring himself that people who took vacations in the hot months were fools indeed. He even felt sorry for poor Fannie who was left behind in the city. A few weeks of this bracing air would do her more good than the five dollar a visit specialist who looked grave and shook his head when he stood by the bedside and declared that she must have complete rest.

It was true that Harrington himself had wanted to take his vacation in August and when Fannie's collapse had prevented his leaving, then he had stormed and chafed and succeeded in making everybody uncomfortable and bloodthirsty to varying degrees according to their temperaments and fondness for Fannie. Harrington's calm assumption that Fannie had no right to be ill when he wished to go on his vacation was irritating to the others.

Now as the steamer moved slowly between banks on which the green was giving way to the first blush of autumn thus the world seemed good to Harrington and he could even think kindly of the little woman who lay at home in a darkened room and whose breakdown had been responsible for his delayed vacation. In August he would have gone to the shore, as was his custom that in the latter part of September the country offered greater appeal so he was to spend a month with his sister. The latter had lent [illegible] early [illegible] of the city but had [illegible] married [illegible] a farmer's wife as she had [illegible] a farmer's daughter.

It was [illegible] when the train pulled [illegible] The side [illegible] [illegible] after the [illegible] the west [illegible] by [illegible] this both [illegible] that [illegible] could [illegible] from the city.

You don't [illegible] Harrington [illegible] the last vestige of [illegible] good [illegible] fled.

I don't mind [illegible] explained Sam good humoredly [illegible] used to smoking city cigars. That's Fan's Special [illegible] [illegible] If [illegible] that was just what he [illegible] and the man [illegible] if that was [illegible]

Well what's the [illegible] of the [illegible] Harrington [illegible] speech.

I was waiting [illegible] explained [illegible] [illegible] like [illegible] thing.

Harrington [illegible] the call [illegible] [illegible] with his [illegible] his [illegible] If she had remained [illegible] they would have [illegible] where amateur humorists could [illegible] [illegible] silence. He was glad when the [illegible] homestead came in sight and [illegible] on the front porch waved him a welcome.

The remainder of the afternoon and the evening passed pleasantly enough but the morning brought its troubles. Harrington was always at his worst in the early hours. He had been compelled to rise a full hour before his accustomed time and there was no hot water for shaving. The studs were not in his clean shirt nor was the shirt laid out. At home even from her sick bed Fannie had made certain that the little things were looked after. It was the little things that Harrington cared about and he was in a black humor when he came to the breakfast table.

He had been slow in dressing and the breakfast was cold though it had been placed in the oven to keep warm. Sam had already left the table and Ella was alone.

Harrington pushed the bacon from him.

I never eat bacon unless it's crisp he said irritably and I don't like the eggs fried [illegible] [illegible] just set. And [illegible] [illegible] bread for breakfast.

I'll get [illegible] Ella. It will only take a few minutes—Ben—

Then hurry he commanded. I hate to sit idle at the table.

There was a little exclamation from Ella and Harrington looked up into Sam's gray eyes. There was an expression there that he did not like.

You're not going to sit idle at the table exclaimed Sam. You're going to hurry up and eat your bacon and eggs. You don't have to eat his nut if you'd rather have bread but that stuff was all good when breakfast was ready. If you want to spend an hour in your room cursing your cuffs and your collar button get up earlier or else eat a cold breakfast.

You're welcome here Ben because you're [illegible] and because she's [illegible] on a visit from [illegible] just got to understand that [illegible] and domineer my wife into a sick bed the way you've done your own.

Harrington swallowed a retort then he swallowed the bacon and eggs. Sam stood over the chair and Ben knew that he meant what he said.

When the meal was done, Sam left the room and Ben followed him out to the yard to stammer an apology. Then he sat on the horse block while he smoked a cigar and Sam's words came back to him.

His brother-in-law was right. He had cursed and domineered his wife. There had been lots of mornings when he had acted worse than this and with far less cause.

When the nervous breakdown had come he had cursed it because it had interfered with his vacation plans and not until he had left home did he realize how much Fannie's quiet ministrations had meant.

Once or twice he half rose to go into the house and ask Ella's pardon but he thought of something else at home and sank back into his seat again. He did not even realize that the horse block was an uncomfortable seat, and Sam came in from the fields at noon to find him still sitting there with a half smoked cigar, making an odorous offense to heaven.

"Thought worth a penny?" he asked pleasantly as he made pretense of feeling in his pocket for the coin.

You can buy my whole miserable carcass for a penny' retorted Ben dolefully. I've been sitting here thinking over what you said.'

'I didn't mean to get so hopping mad' said Sam shamefacedly.

"It was right" went on Harrington. 'I have rowed Fannie into her bed just as you said. She made things so comfortable that when anything did go wrong I scolded her about that instead of giving her credit for all that she had done.'

'If you know it that helps some' reminded Sam. 'I tell you what the trouble is Ben. Just because you earn the money that pays the bills you don't realize that your wife is working too. You wouldn't dare talk to a servant the way you talk to her. You know your wife won't get mad and quit.'

'I never should have come away and left her,' lamented Harrington.

They sent you on a vacation to give Fannie a rest," explained Sam but if you really mean to be a good boy it would be a good idea to send for her. The trouble with her has been that she cared so much for you that she worried when you were not pleased and you never were pleased so she worried all the time. It will do her good to come up here and have you wait on her.'

I'll go after her' offered Ben hastily. He was thinking of the coolness of the morning on the boat when they two should have the deck alone. It was there that he wanted to tell her how [illegible] He could [illegible] what [illegible] It was well that he could [illegible]

[illegible] SAM

But Sam's share of the [illegible] was light [illegible] Harrington remembered [illegible] [illegible] When he [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] But it was [illegible]

Won on a Bluff

[illegible] over from Baltimore [illegible] [illegible] I was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I gave the [illegible]

How did [illegible] the word should be spelled was asked.

Why [illegible] said there was only one [illegible] in it.

And you stuck [illegible]

I did. I insisted that it was spelled [illegible] and he finally wound up the little man and handed me over the money.

And would you like to make the same wager again and leave it to the dictionaries?

Not much. I consulted one all next day and discovered that I had lifted that poor chap out of his wealth."—Washington Post.

Acquitted

Voltaire when on his estate of Ferney was fond of assuming the air of nobility and displayed a most philosophical hatred of poachers. One luckless fellow was caught and brought before him. Voltaire determined to try him according to law and took his seat as judge directing his secretary to act as counsel for the prisoner. The advocate made a long speech in favor of the culprit and stopped suddenly.

"Why do you hesitate?" asked Voltaire.

"I wish to read a passage from a volume in your library."

He procured the book and silently turned its leaves. Voltaire became impatient and demanded the cause of his silence.

"Well" answered the secretary "I have been looking for the word humanity and I see you have omitted it."

Voltaire thought the argument so forcible that he set the poacher free.

Officeholders

'Well there's one thing to be said for public servants'

'What's that'

When you hire one you never have any trouble keeping him"—Cleveland Leader.

Out of Mind

Fenton At first he was simply crazy about her but now he neglects her shamefully. Sl[illegible]—I see. At first he went out [illegible] and then she went out of his mind.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach—George Eliot.

THE SWORDFISH.

Overlord of the Sea and the Daintiest Feeder That Swims.

The swordfish is the overlord of the sea. Neither the whale the shark nor any other giant of the deep can conquer him in private fight or public brawl. Nevertheless he is peaceful in the main and seeks the simple life amusing himself often with worldwide travel and always with delicate gustatory joys. He is the daintiest feeder that swims always kills his own game and thereby insures its freshness wherefore his flesh is a delight to the palate of mankind and wherefore, again men go forth to kill him for market and thereby at times fall upon adventures that make the hunting of tigers and the shooting of grizzlies pale into pastimes for the weary weakling.

For the bold swordfish is still hunted in mode as primitive as that the Eskimo uses to kill the stupid whale, and often the sting of the harpoon changes this luxurious ocean gastronome into a raging water devil, quick to perceive his advantage charging with the speed of a bullet and the accuracy of a swordsman up against the lone fisherman in the dory who tries to bring him to gaff. Then must the fisherman measure with exactness the lunge of the monster avoid it by a marvel of nice sidestepping in a plunging dory or he will be spitted like a lark.—William Inglis in Harper's Weekly.

Six His Limit

To the man who has a horse to sell considerable leeway is allowed in the matter of setting forth the animal's merits. I've got the very horse you want said Gideon Lane the Bushby livery stable keeper to one of the summer residents.

He has no bad tricks queried the gentleman. Safe for the family?

Lauzee yes' returned Mr Lane heartily. Any lady can drive him and half a dozen children could get on his back and he'd never notice em. Not a trick to his name.

'Ah' said the summer resident 'I don't wish a horse without any spirit.'

Spirit' echoed Mr Lane. Well you just ought to see him on circus day that's all. And I'll tell you confidentially t'wouldn't be well for too many people to get on that horse at once.—Youth's Companion.

The Jews and Thirteen

Commenting on the thirteen superstitions in the Oesterreichische Wochenschrift Jacob I Ehrlich a Jewish writer says. The number thirteen is surely not a bad one for us. The holy writ tells of the thirteen attributes of the Most High and we have thirteen feast days [illegible] [illegible] Haman was [illegible] thirteenth birthday [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and has [illegible]

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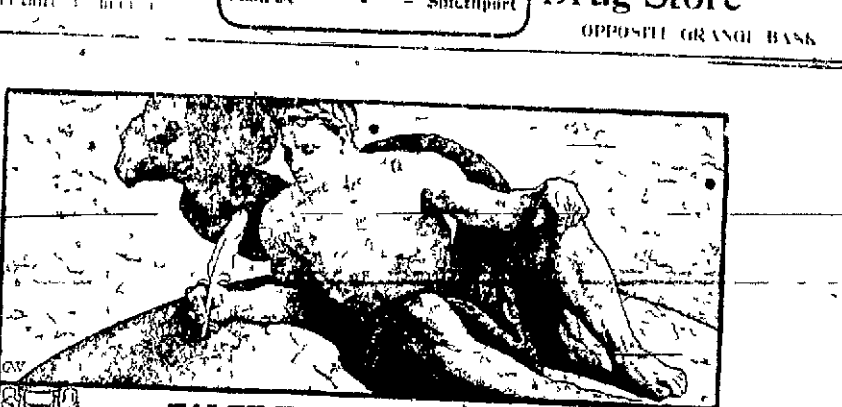
Administrator's Notice

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of C. C. Wright, late of Keating Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, have been granted to the undersigned.

All persons having claims against said estate will present the same duly probated for payment and those indebted to the estate will make payment without delay.

Kane, Pa. Oct 20 1908 T. H. WRIGHT, Administrator.



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